

Newport Mercury

WHOLE NUMBER 9035

NEWPORT, R. I., OCTOBER 9, 1920

1920

VOLUME CLXII—NO. 18

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, } Editors.
A. H. SANBORN, }

Mercury Building,
121 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1769, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Terms: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing

Local Matters.

VOTING LISTS CANVASSED

The board of canvassers and registration held their second canvass of the voting lists for the State election on Tuesday, and the lists are now in the hands of the Mercury Publishing Company for printing. It is hoped to be able to post them next Wednesday. The changes are mostly changes in address, where the voters have moved since the lists were canvassed last year, and the changes had not been reported to the board. There are also a few cases of names that were inadvertently left off the lists by the board. However, considering the vast number of names that the board had to handle it is surprising that the errors seem to have been so few on the first lists. There may be some yet that have not been corrected and it will behoove every voter to scan the new lists carefully to see that his (or her) name is in the proper place. There is still time to make changes before the day of election, as the board will canvass the lists twice more.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the monthly meeting of the board bills were approved and ordered paid. There was some comment over the action of the school committee in making transfers from the appropriations of the representative council, but the board took no action.

At the weekly meeting on Thursday evening, the matter of moving buildings through the streets again came up. Complaint was made that trees had been trimmed on Main avenue and Kay street to allow the passage of the Ball house. Street Commissioner Sullivan reported that his orders forbidding the cutting of trees had been disobeyed. The board decided that the matter was wholly in the hands of the street commissioner and that he could call for all the assistance he needed.

The other business was mostly routine, a large number of licenses being granted.

The changing over at the Training Station consequent upon the use of the new quarters on Coddington Point has affected many interests, but it is expected that all will work out smoothly in the end. The men on the station do not find the Point line of the trolley cars so convenient as it was when the old quarters were used.

The joint committee on the Sheffield School, from the board of aldermen and the school committee, have approved the plans of Architect Weaver for the new building, and they will go to the school committee for approval at its regular meeting next Monday evening.

A naval mine, which was lost many months ago, was picked up in the harbor last Sunday and towed to the Torpedo Station. It was well covered with barnacles and was supposed to be harmless because of its long exposure.

Newport took comparatively little interest in the base ball series. When the Boston teams have been in the running, the local fans have followed the contests with much interest.

Mr. Charles T. Griffith, who has been spending several weeks with his brother, Mr. Edward Griffith, has returned to his home in Miami, Florida.

A number of rentals of the larger Newport cottages have already been made for the season of 1921.

Captain Thomas J. Senn, U. S. N., has taken over the command of the Torpedo Station.

LEVY FOR SENATOR

Carries Republican Caucuses by Substantial Plurality—H. W. Smith for Representative from Second District

The Republican caucuses on Thursday evening were the largest ever held in Newport, the attendance being so great that in the Second Representative District there were over fifty persons who were unable to get into the polling place before the hour for closing the polls and so were unable to vote. As many women as men were in the long lines strung along the streets waiting for their chance to vote in the five districts and the scene was a notable one.

It took a considerable time to count the votes after the polls were closed, the greatest interest centering in the choice of delegates to the Republican City Convention to nominate a candidate for Senator. Senator Max Levy was opposed for re-nomination by Representative Frederick B. Coggeshall and in every district there were opposing delegates. As the returns came in it was found that Mr. Coggeshall had carried the first and second districts and Mr. Levy the fourth and fifth. Then the interest centered in the third, which had the balance of power and when that was found to be for Levy, the Senator's followers were very jubilant.

A contest of almost equal magnitude was waged in the Second district to choose a candidate for Representative, the opponents being J. Alton Barker and Herbert W. Smith, both new men. Mr. Smith was the winner in this contest by nearly one hundred majority.

Long before the polls were opened the lines began to form in the first, second and third districts. Men and women all tried to be on hand early, but those who arrived at the hour set to begin the voting found that many had preceded them and the newcomers had to go far down the line to take their places. The largest crowd was in the second district, not only because that is the largest district but also because there was a double interest there over the Senatorial and Representative contest. By the time that the polls opened the line extended from the No. 4 Engine House to West Broadway, and a few minutes later it reached up West Broadway until it nearly reached Gould street. At no time during the evening did the end of the line approach the door of the voting place because of the constant additions that were made by newcomers, and when the closing hour, ten o'clock, struck more than fifty persons were still in line. Many more than this number would have voted if they could, as a great many came down to vote but upon seeing the conditions gave up the attempt. However, it is probable that those who could not vote were approximately evenly divided between the adherents of the two contestants.

Moderator James G. Swinburne and Clerks Edward P. Landers and Seddie E. Williams were kept on the jump for three hours, and then had the task of counting the ballots. The real fight for the Senatorial nomination centered in the third district, as it had been generally expected that the first and second would go for Coggeshall and the fourth and fifth for Levy, leaving the third as the debatable ground. Here every effort was made to get out the voters, women as well as men being active around the polls, and a large fleet of automobiles was pressed into service. Both Senatorial candidates were at work in that district a large part of the evening, Mr. Levy being especially active as that is his home district. Curiously enough, the pivotal district was the last to finish the count, which made the situation at the last moment still more acute.

In spite of the tremendous vote cast in all the districts, there was not the slightest semblance of disorder. Extra policemen were on duty and helped to form the lines, but there was not a loud word spoken. Women and men took their places in line quietly and waited with patience until their turn came to deposit their ballots. The night was clear and reasonably warm, so that no great discomfort was felt by those who were compelled to wait for nearly an hour in the street. Had it stormed the result would have been different, as far as the number of votes cast is concerned.

Representative Fletcher W. Lawton was nominated in the first ward without opposition and Representative Herbert Bliss in the third. There were no printed tickets for Representative in the fourth and fifth, but there were scattering votes for William P. Kane, Jr., in the

fourth, which may place his name on the official ballot.

The vote in the second representative district stood 381 for Herbert W. Smith to 291 for J. Alton Barker. The vote in the Senatorial contest was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Levy	109	330	294	205	179	1117
Coggeshall	144	342	224	75	53	820

Totals 253 672 518 283 212 1937

The delegates elected to the City Convention to be held on Friday evening were as follows:

First District—(Coggeshall) William F. Tripp, Walter Curry, William MacLeod, Mary E. DesR. Lawton, Philippine M. Arnold.

Second District—(Coggeshall) Thomas B. Congdon, W. Norman Sayer, Jackson Carter, Sarah L. Peckham, Emily K. Mulcahy.

Third District—(Levy) James P. Cozzens, William B. Franklin, Frederick P. Lee, Louise G. Green, Mary G. Berry.

Fourth District—(Levy) John T. Allan, Isabella M. Stark, Alexander MacLellan, Marie E. Allan, Karl Bostel.

Fifth District—(Levy) John Mahan, Andrew S. McKie, James Brown, Grace C. McLeish, Grace B. Ross.

CHESTER B. TALLMAN

Mr. Chester B. Tallman, one of the best known citizens and business men of Newport, died very suddenly early Monday morning following a considerable period of ill health. He was on his way to his fish house, when he fell dead on the wharf. Medical aid was summoned, but death had occurred instantly. He had suffered a shock some months ago, and had been in poor health since then.

Mr. Tallman was born in Portsmouth and early engaged in fishing. More than a quarter century ago he came to Newport as agent for a Boston wholesale fish firm, and later engaged in business for himself, building up a large and successful enterprise. He was well known throughout the city and was greatly esteemed for his sterling characteristics. He was warm hearted and charitable in the extreme, and was always ready to lend a helping hand. Fond of the companionship of his fellows, he established the Hatchet Club many years ago, primarily as an organization of those engaged in the fishing industry, but many others joined to enjoy the circle of good fellowship.

Mr. Tallman was a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 22, A. F. & A. M., of Portsmouth, and Aquidneck Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M. of that town; of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., and of Palestine Temple, Order of the Mystic Shrine. He was also a member of Newport Lodge of Elks and Weenat Shashit Tribe of Red Men.

He is survived by a widow and two sons—Messrs. Clifton B. Tallman and Vernon B. Tallman, the latter being employed in Worcester.

Funeral services were held at Emmanuel Church on Thursday afternoon and were attended by a large gathering of friends. Eureka Lodge of Portsmouth, Worshipful Master Charles G. Clarke, was in charge of the Masonic ceremonies, and Washington Commandery, Eminent Commander Henry A. Curtis, formed the escort. The interment was in the Portsmouth cemetery, the remains being escorted to Lake's Corner where automobiles were taken for the trip to Portsmouth.

PORTSMOUTH

Mrs. Robert E. Manchester died suddenly at her home on East Main Road on Sunday morning. She arose in her usual health, but was suddenly taken with a shock and became unconscious. She died a few hours later without regaining consciousness. Mrs. Manchester was the daughter of the late Asa Coggeshall and Mrs. Lucy (Carr) Coggeshall, and lived nearly her whole life in this town. In her womanhood she married Mr. Robert E. Manchester, and to them was born one child, Laura. She is survived by her mother, husband, daughter, grandson (Robert), two brothers, William Henry and Eugene Coggeshall, and sister Nellie.

Mrs. Manchester was a member of St. Mary's Church. The funeral, which was private, was held from her residence on Wednesday at 12 o'clock. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. Joseph Brazil was badly hurt in an accident on Sunday afternoon. While driving along the street he was struck by an automobile, which threw him out, breaking his leg in two places, bruising his head badly and generally shaking him up. He is under the care of a physician.

Rev. Everett P. Smith and his daughter, Miss Dorothy Smith, left on Wednesday for Washington, D. C., where Miss Smith will resume her studies as a Junior at the National Cathedral School. Rev. Mr. Smith officiated at a wedding in Rye, N. H., and returned to his home to conduct the services next Sunday.

SUPERIOR COURT

Judge Arthur P. Samner presided at the opening session of the Superior Court for Newport County on Monday. There appears to be a large amount of business for the Court and the session gives promise of being a long one. The first duty was the examination of candidates for the grand jury and eighteen men were sworn and retired with Assistant Attorney General Sisson to consider a large number of cases. Their report was not made until Tuesday, when seventeen indictments were returned.

While the grand jury was out, the docket was called and a large number of cases were assigned for trial at this session. In the afternoon, motions were heard in a number of cases.

On Tuesday there were hearings in a number of divorce cases, the following petitions being granted: Arthur Norman Musselman vs. Bertha Veronica Musselman, Jessie R. Copeland vs. Wright A. Copeland, John Joseph Dulenty vs. Mary Josephine Dulenty, Mary M. Cote vs. Edward Cote, Daisy Bell Hackley vs. Charles Edward Hackley, Ethel Dana Mulholland vs. John James Mulholland, Marie Elizabeth Murphy vs. Charles Daniel Murphy, Nellie L. Berry vs. George W. Berry, Valera Judy Meyer vs. Fred W. Meyer, Marion Leach Glenn vs. Clarence Berkeley Glenn, Augusta Dorothy McGrath vs. Howard W. McGrath, Ethel Mabel Fortier vs. Edward G. Fortier, Harriet C. Boyd vs. Charles E. Boyd.

On Wednesday a jury was empaneled to hear the case of State vs. Victor Deplitch, and testimony was begun, but at noon the plea was changed to nolo, and the case was continued for sentence.

There were no cases ready for trial on Thursday, and the morning and afternoon sessions were very brief. There will be no session of the Court next Tuesday, as that is a legal holiday—Columbus Day.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS

The Democratic State and District Conventions were held in Providence on Tuesday, when the following ticket for Presidential electors, Governor, State officers and Congressmen were put in nomination without opposition:

For Governor—Edward M. Sullivan of Cranston.

For Lieutenant Governor—Miss Elizabeth Upham Yates of Providence.

For Attorney General—Herbert L. Carpenter of Woonsocket.

For Secretary of State—Miss Helen J. Binning of Providence.

For General Treasurer—Michael N. Cartier of Providence.

Presidential Electors—Richard B. Comstock, Providence; Thomas P. Haven, Providence; Mrs. Sarah L. Fitts, Providence; Lyman N. Cranston, Wakefield; Cora M. Barry, Woonsocket.

The Congressional ticket chosen is:

First District—Patrick J. Boyle of Newport.

Second District—Luigi De Pasquale of Providence.

Third District—Herve J. Lagace of Woonsocket.

A platform was adopted which declares for adequate provision by the public treasury for care of disabled service men.

Demands State constitutional convention for framing of new constitution.

Demands reform of State Senate, declaring it "in conflict with principles of representative government."

Demands abolition of property qualifications for voters.

Favors budget system for State finances.

Condemns conditions at State institutions.

Condemns manner in which State highway department has been handled.

Condemns "machine politics" in election of judiciary and calls for election of judges by people or appointment by the Governor.

Favors State participation in re-organization of trolley properties.

There were many women delegates present from all parts of the State, and the sex was honored by the appointment of one of the number for Lieutenant Governor, one for Secretary of State, and two for Presidential electors.

The First District Convention was presided over by John H. Green, Jr., of Newport. Hon. Patrick J. Boyle of Newport was put in nomination for Congressman by the Hon. P. J. Murphy of Newport, in an eloquent oration which was received with much applause. In all the Conventions the utmost harmony prevailed.

Three weeks from next Tuesday will be election day. The women of Newport will then have their first opportunity to cast their ballots in a regular election. Their influence will be felt, as there are women workers in each ward who are doing their best to educate the new voters in the method of balloting.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION

Congressman Burdick Nominated Unanimously

The Republican State and District Conventions were held in Providence on Wednesday. Every town and city in the State was fully represented. There were no contests, the utmost harmony prevailing. The following State and Congressional ticket was unanimously nominated:

For Governor—Emery J. San Souci of Providence.

For Lieutenant Governor—Col. Harold J. Gross of Providence.

For Attorney General—Herbert A. Rice of Providence.

For Secretary of State—J. Fred Parker of Providence.

For General Treasurer—Richard W. Jennings of Cranston.

Presidential Electors—Harold A. Braman, Providence; Dutee W. Flint, Cranston; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Sturges, Providence; Edward A. Sherman, Newport; and Darius Goff, Pawtucket.

For Congress:

First District—Clark Burdick of Newport.

Second District—Walter R. Stiness of Warwick.

Third District—Ambrose Kennedy of Woonsocket.

The Platform which was adopted criticizes lack of preparedness for war and peace of Democratic national administration.

Opposes League of Nations as presented to the Senate by President Wilson.

Welcomes women to full suffrage and recites party's record on suffrage in this State.

Commends administration of Governor Beechman and handling of State finances.

Favors continued building and improvement of public roads.

Indorses Americanization, parole, juvenile court and other laws.

Invites critical consideration of State institutions and defends their administration.

Promises careful consideration and efficient administration of public affairs.

Mr. Thomas E. Sherman of Newport was one of the committee on Platform.

Governor Beechman was introduced to the Convention and made a stirring address. After thanking the people of Rhode Island, through the delegates there assembled, for the hearty support they had given his administration during the past six years that he had been the chief executive of the State, he further stated that he was not opposed to "a" League of Nations, but that he was opposed "to" Mr. Wilson's League of Nations.

He attacked Article X of the League Covenant, declaring that the League could tell the United States when it must go to war under that article.

He declared that before the war there were 36,000 civil employees of the Government and that during the war the number rose to 119,000.

"Since the close of the war the number has been cut only to 100,000," he declared. The Governor called this as an example of what he called the "profligate waste" of the Democratic National administration.

The State Central Committee chosen had the following members from Newport City and County:

Newport—Mrs. Irene Levy and John Mahan.

Middletown—Edward A. Brown and Agnes B. Ward.

Portsmouth—Arthur A. Sherman and Mrs. John M. Eldredge.

Little Compton—F. A. H. Byington and Dorothy Martin.

Jamestown—Preston E. Peckham and Susan T. Hull.

Tiverton—George R. Lawton and Mrs. Ruth J. Barker.

New Shoreham—Ray G. Lewis and Miss Isabel Gillespie.

The First Congressional District Convention was presided over by William P. Sheffield of Newport, and Congressman Burdick was put in nomination by David B. Allen of Newport, who made a very pleasing and eulogistic address. The nomination of Congressman Burdick was made unanimously and with much enthusiasm. Mr. Burdick was called before the Convention and made a very interesting address, explaining his action on some of the important questions that have come before Congress during his term of service.

The local Democratic party will put a ticket in each of the five representative districts in Newport this year, contrary to their usual custom. In the First district the Democratic nominee for the House of Representatives is George M. de Fray, in the Second Richard R. Scott, in the Third William Herbert Sisson, in the Fourth William A. Maher, and in the Fifth James J. Martin. Messrs. Maher and Martin are members of the present Legislature.

The local electrical workers union has voted to protest against the proposed increase in rates to the Newport County Electric Company.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)
Holy Cross Chapel to Celebrate Their Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of Consecration

Holy Cross Guild met on Wednesday afternoon to make plans to observe the seventy-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Holy Cross Chapel. There will be a celebration of the Holy Communion on the morning of Oct. 14, on which date the anniversary falls, but on account of the fact that Bishop Perry is unable to come on that date, a special service will be held on the evening of the 15th of October, when the Bishop can be present. A social time will follow in the Guild House.

Seventeen Young People Received Full Membership at M. E. Church

A class of 17 young people were received into full membership by the pastor, Rev. George W. Manning, at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday morning. A duet, "Great God, Attend while Sion Sings," was sung by Mrs. Fred P. Webber and Mrs. Ida Brown. Those received were Isabel Anderson, Arthur Brooks, Herbert Dennett, Aleck Dennett, Daniel Congdon, Raymond A. Manning, Ethel P. Grinnell, John Grinnell, Beatrice Grinnell, Harold Irish, Mabel S. Peckham, Frank T. Peckham, Jr., Roger H. Peckham, Ralph Peckham, Chandler Webber, Fred J. Webber and Pulman Webber.

In addition Robert E. Grinnell and Leona Peckham were of the class, but both are away from here attending school. Sidney Dennett, who died suddenly, was to have been in the class. Two of his brothers were in it. Rev. Mr. Manning spoke briefly but feelingly of the boy.

The Sunday School classes of Berkeley parish met at 9.30 on Sunday to form classes and distribute the books and papers for the coming year. The morning services were conducted by Rev. I. Harding Hughes, assisted by Rev. Arthur N. Pensley, who also assisted at the Holy Communion. In the evening Mrs. James Christie, who is visiting her son at St. George's School, gave an interesting talk on conditions among the Armenians in Turkey. Mrs. Christie is a missionary and has made her home there with her husband for 43 years.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held its regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon, in charge of Mrs. J. F. Lowden, and the subject was "On to the Villages."

The Wynt School is open again. The past week it was closed on account of the illness of the teacher, Miss Etta M. Sherman.

Mrs. Phoebe Manchester of State Hill has been on an automobile trip with Mr. and Mrs. William B. Anthony of Portsmouth, and friends from Jamestown, and the party went to Albany, N. Y.

An auction was held on Monday at the farm of Mr. Alfred H. Hazard on Green End Avenue, at which cattle, farm implements, and hay, etc., were sold.

A new attractive sign board has been erected in front of the Chapter House of the Colonel William Barton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. It was made and presented by Mr. Walter Sherman of Quaker Hill.

At the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange held in the town hall, the Worthy Master, Clifton B. Ward, officiated. After the regular meeting a humorous sketch entitled "The Family Album" was given, which proved to be very entertaining. Old fashioned gowns were worn and in the album were very interesting pictures.

Doughnuts and coffee were served by the feast committee, Mrs. Harry Sherman, Mrs. Charles A. Sherman, and Mrs. Daniel A. Peckham, assisted by the young men of the Grange. Community singing followed and a general good time was enjoyed.

The first meeting of the Paradise Reading Club for the winter was held at the home of Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Kate Wilson has as guest her son, Mr. Herbert Wilson of East Orange, N. J.

St. Columba's Guild held its regular meeting on Friday afternoon at Berkeley Parish House.

Mr. Howard R. Peckham won five prizes on his horses which he entered at the Westport Fair.

The funeral of Sidney Dennett, 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dennett, who was accidentally killed by taking hold of a live wire, took place on Monday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church. The pastor, Rev. George W. Manning, conducted the services and Miss Sadie I. Peckham rendered appropriate music on the organ. The scholars from Berkeley School with their teachers, attended in a body. The interment was in the Middletown cemetery. The floral tributes were numerous.

Rev. Mr. Smith has announced that Miss Mary E. Manchester is co-sister Mrs. George Thurston in collecting funds for the automobile, etc., for the Red Cross nurse. Miss Manchester will solicit from those on the East side.

The men who are engaged in building the new road have cleaned out the gutters and hoveled up the edges and are putting in the cement blocks at the ends of the culverts. They have nearly completed the road to Sandy Point avenue, but beyond there they have been held up for lack of the right size stone.



WEBSTER -MAN'S MAN by Peter B. Kyne Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

For fully an hour after retiring John Stuart Webster slept the deep, untroubled sleep of a healthy unwaried man; then one of the many species of "jigger" which flourish just north and south of the equator crawled into bed with him and promptly proceeded to establish its commissary on the inner flank of the Websterian thigh, where the skin is thin and the blood close to the surface. As a consequence, Mr. Webster awoke suddenly, obliterated the intruder and got out of bed for the purpose of anointing the injured spot with alcohol—which being done, an active search of the bed resulted in the discovery of three more jiggers and the envelopment of John Stuart Webster's soul in the fogs of apprehension.

"This an evil land, filled with trouble," he mused as he lighted a cigarette. "I wish Billy were here to advise me. He ought to be able to straighten this deal out and assure the higher-ups that I'm not butting in on their political affairs. But Billy's up-country and here I am under surveillance and unable to leave the hotel to talk it over with Andrew Bowers, the only other white expert I know of in town. And by the way, they're after Andrew, too! I wonder what for."

He smoked two cigars, the while he pondered the various visible aspects of this dark mess in which he found himself floundering. And finally he arrived at a decision. "These chaps aren't thorough," Webster decided. "They'll see me safely to bed and pick me up again in the morning—so I'll take a chance that the const is clear, slip out now and talk it over with Andrew."

He looked at his watch—eleven-thirty. Hastily he dressed, strapped on his automatic pistol, dragged his bed noiselessly to the open window and tied to the bed-leg the rope he used to lash his trunk; then he lowered himself out the window. The length of rope permitted him to descend within a few feet of the ground.

Webster made his way to the street unnoted and ten minutes later appeared before the entrance of El Buen Amigo just as Mother Jenks was bawling it for the night.

"I am Mr. Webster," he announced. "Mr. Geary's friend from the United States."

Mother Jenks, having heard of him, was of course profoundly flustered to meet this toff who so carelessly wired his down-and-out friends pesos oro in lots of a thousand. Cordially she invited him within to stow a peg of her best, which invitation Mr. Webster promptly accepted.

"To your beautiful eyes," Webster toasted her. "And now would you mind leading me to the quarters of Billy's friend Mr. Bowers?"

She shuffled away, to return presently with the news that Mr. Bowers was in his room and would be delighted to receive Mr. Webster. Mother Jenks led Webster to the door, knocked, announced him and discreetly withdrew.

"My dear Webster!" cried Andrew Bowers enthusiastically, and he drew his late fellow-passenger into the room. Webster observed that Andrew was not alone. "I want to see you privately," he said. "Didn't know you had company, or I wouldn't have intruded."

"Well, I knew I had company, didn't I? Come in, you crazy fellow, and meet some good friends of mine who are very anxious to meet you." He turned to a tall, handsome, scholarly looking man of about forty, whose features, dress and manner of wearing his whiskers proclaimed him a personage. "Dr. Eliseo Pacheco, I have the honor to present Mr. John S. Webster, the American gentleman of whom you have heard me speak."

Doctor Pacheco promptly leaped to his feet and bowed with ostentatious reverence then suddenly, with Latin impulsiveness, he advanced upon Webster, swept aside the latter's outstretched hand, clasped John Stuart Webster in fraternal embrace, and to the old sour-dough's inexpressible horror, kissed him upon the right cheek—after which he backed off, bowed once more, and said in Spanish:

"Sir, my life is yours."

"It is well he gave it to you before you took it," Andrew said in English, and he laughed, noting Webster's confusion. "And this gentleman is Colonel Pablo Caraveo."

"Thunder, I'm in for it again," Webster thought—and he was, for the amiable colonel embraced Webster and kissed his left cheek before turning to Andrew.

"You will convey to our guest," in English, Don Ricardo, assurances of my profound happiness in meeting him," he said in Spanish.

"The Colonel says you're all to the mustard," Andrew at once interpreted merrily.

"Rather a liberal translation," Webster retorted in Spanish, whereat Colonel Caraveo sprang up and clapped his hands to delight.

"Your happiness, my dear Colonel," Webster continued, "is extravagant grief compared with my delight in meeting a Sobranitean gentleman who has no desire to skewer me." He turned to Andrew. "While introductions

are in order, old son, suppose you complete the job and introduce yourself. I'm always suspicious of a man with an alias."

"Then behold the death of that impudent fellow Andrew Bowers, late valet de chambre to this eminent mining engineer and prince of gentlemen, Mr. John Stuart Webster. Doctor Pacheco, will you be good enough to perform the operation?"

"This gentleman," said the doctor, laying his hand on Andrew's shoulder, "is Don Ricardo Ruiz Rucy, a gentleman, a patriot, and the future president of our unhappy country."

Webster put his hands on the young man's shoulders. "Ricardo, my son," he asked earnestly, "do you think you could give me some little hint of the approximate date on which you will assume office? By the time gods of war, I never wanted a friend at court so badly as I want one tonight."

Webster sat down and helped himself from a box of cigars he found on Ricardo's bureau. "I feel I am among friends at last," he announced between preliminary puffs "so listen while I spin a strange tale. I've been the picture of bad luck ever since I started for this infernal—this wonderful country of yours. In New Orleans I took a Sunday morning stroll in Jackson square and came across two men trying to knife another. In the interest of common decency I interfered and won a sweeping victory, but to my amazement the prospective corpse took to his heels and advised me to do the same."

Ricardo Ruiz sprang for John Stuart Webster. "By George," he said in English, "I'm going to hug you, too. I really ought to kiss you, because I'm that man you saved from assassination, but—too long in the U. S. A., I suppose; I've lost the customs of my country."

"Get out," yelled Webster, fending him off. "By the way, Ricardo—I'm going to call you Rick for short—do you happen to have any relatives in this country?"

"Yes, a number of second and third cousins."

"Coming down on the steamer, I didn't like to appear curious, but all the time I wanted to ask you one question."

"Ask it now."

"Are you a Sobranitean?"

"I was born in this country and raised here until I was fourteen."

"But you're—why, hang it, you're not a Latin?"

"No, I'm a mixture, with Latin predominating. My forebears were pure Castilians from Madrid, and crossed the Western ocean in caravels. It's been a matter of pride with the house of Rucy to keep the breed pure, but despite all precautions, the family tree has been grafted once with a Scotch thistle, twice with the lily of France, and once with the shamrock of Ireland. My mother was an Irish woman."

"You might yourself perfectly, Ricardo, and my curiosity is appeased. Permit me to continue my tale," he added in Spanish, and forthwith he related with humorous detail his adventure at the gangplank of the steamer that had borne him and Ricardo Ruiz south. Ricardo interrupted him. "We know all about that, friend Webster, and we knew the two delightful gentlemen had been told off to get you—unofficially. The Sobranitean revolutionary junta has headquarters in New Orleans. It is composed of political exiles, for Sarros, the present dictator of Sobranite, rules with an iron hand, and has a cute little habit of railroadng his enemies to the cemetery via the treason charge and the firing squad. He killed my father, who was the best president this benighted country ever had, and I consider it my Christian duty to avenge my father and a patriotic duty to take up the task he left unfinished—the task of making over my country."

"In Sobranite, as to most of the countries in Central America, there are two distinct classes of people—the aristocrats and peons—and the aristocrat fattens on the peon, as he has had a habit of doing since Adam. We haven't any middle class to stand as a buffer between the two—which makes it a sad proposition. My father was an idealist and a dreamer and he dreamed of reform in government and a solution of the agrarian problem which confronts all Latin-America. He trusted one Pablo Sarros, an educated peon, who had commanded the government forces under the regime my father overthrew. My tender-hearted parent discovered that Sarros was plotting to overthrow him; but instead of having him shot, he merely removed him from command. Sarros gathered a bandful of bandits, joined the old government forces my father had conquered, hired a couple dozen Yankee artillerymen and—he won out. My father was captured and executed; the palace was burned, and my sister perished in the flames. I'm here to pay off the score."

"A worthy ambition! So you organized the revolutionary junta in New Orleans, eh?"

Ricardo nodded. "Word of it reached Sarros, and he sent his brother Raoul, chief of the intelligence bureau, to investigate and report. As fast as he reported, Colonel Caraveo reported to me. My father's son possesses a name to conjure with. Consequently it was to the interest of the Sarros administration that I be eliminated. They

watched every boat; hence my scheme for eluding their vigilance—which, thanks to you, worked like a charm."

"But," Webster complained, "I'm not sitting in the game at all, and yet I'm caught between the upper and nether millstones."

"That is easy to explain. You interfered that morning in Jackson square; then Raoul Sarros met you going aboard the steamer for Buenaventura and you manhandled him, and naturally, putting two and two together, he has concluded that you are not only his personal enemy but also a friend and protector of mine and consequently an enemy of the state."

"And as a consequence I'm marked for slaughter?"

"It would be well, my friend," Doctor Pacheco suggested, "to return to the United States until after Ricardo and his friends have eliminated your enemies."

"How soon will that happy event transpire?"

"In about sixty days we hope to be ready to strike, Mr. Webster."

Colonel Caraveo cleared his throat. "I understand from Ricardo that you and another American are interested in a mining concession, Mr. Webster," Webster nodded.

"In this a concession from a private landholder or did your friend secure it from the Sarros government?"

"From the government. We pay ten per cent. royalty, on a ninety-nine-year lease, and that's all I know about it. I have never seen the property, and my object in coming was to examine it and, if satisfied, snuff the project."

"If you will return to your hotel, my dear sir," Colonel Caraveo suggested, "and remain there until noon tomorrow, I feel confident I can guarantee you immunity from attack thereafter. I have a plan to influence my associates in the intelligence office."

"Jolly for you, Colonel. Give me sixty days in which to operate, and I'll have finished my job in Sobranite and gotten out of it before that gang of cut-throats wakes up to the fact that I'm gone. I thank you, sir."

"The least we can do, since you have saved Ricardo's life and rendered our cause a great service, is to save your life," Colonel Caraveo replied.

"This is more comfort than I had hoped for when I came here, gentlemen. I am very grateful. I assure you. Of course this little revolution you're cooking up is no affair of mine, and I trust I need not assure you that your confidence is quite safe with me."

The Doctor and the Colonel immediately rose and bowed like a pair of marionettes. Webster turned to Ricardo.

"Have you had any experience in revolutions, my son?" he asked.

Ricardo nodded. "I realized I had to have experience, and so I went to Mexico. I was with Madere through the first revolution."

"How are you arming your men?"

"Mannibers. I've got 20,000,000 rounds of cartridges, 25 machine guns, and a dozen three-inch field guns. I have also engaged 200 American ex-soldiers to handle the machine guns and the battery. These recruits cost me \$3 a day gold, but they're worth it; they like fighting and will go anywhere to get it—and are faithful."

"You are secretly mobilizing in the mountains, eh?" Webster rubbed his chin reflectively. "Then I take it you'll attack Buenaventura when you strike the first blow?"

"Quite right. We must capture a seaport if we are to revolute successfully."

"I'm glad to know that. I'll make it my business to be up in the mountains at the time. I'm for peace, every ratle out of the box. Gentlemen, you've cheered me wonderfully. I will now go home and leave you to your evil machinations; and the good Lord and the jiggers willing, I shall yet glean a night's sleep."

He shook hands all around and took his departure.

Mother Jenks was waiting for Webster at the foot of the stairs. He paused on the threshold.

"Mrs. Jenks," he said, "Billy tells me you have been very kind to him. I want to tell you how much I appreciate it and that I stand willing to reciprocate any time you are in need."

Mother Jenks fingered her heart and reflected. "Are you met Miss Dolores Rucy, sir?" she queried.

"Your ward? Yes."

"Oh does the lamb strike you, Mr. Webster?"

"I have never met many women; I have known few intimately; but I should say that Miss Dolores Rucy is the marvel of her sex. She is as beautiful as she is good, and is as intelligent as she can be."

"She's a lady, sir," Mother Jenks affirmed proudly. "An I done it. You can see with an A+ eye what I am, but for all that, I've done my duty by her. From the day my saluted 'Enry'—was a rebel in the army—was created from the human form with an 'an' told me to raise 'er a lady for the syke of her father, as was the finest gentleman this rotten country'll ever see, she's been my guidin' star. She's self-supportin' now, but still I ain't done my whole duty by her. I want to see 'er married to a gentleman as'll maintain 'er like a lady."

"Well, Mrs. Jenks, I think you will live to see that worthy ambition attained. Mr. Geary is head over heels in love with her."

"Aye, Willie's a nice lad—I could wish no better; but wot 'e's got 'e got from you, an' where'll 'e be if 'is mae doesn't p'y big? Now, with you, sir, it's different. You're a bit older'n Billy, an' more settled 'an 'er; you've made yer fortune, so Willie tells me, an' not to go beatin' about the bally bush, I s'y, wot's the matter with you an' 'er steppin' over the broomstick together? You might go a bloomin' sight farther 'an 'er wuss."

"Too old, my dear schemer, too old!" John Stuart replied smugly. "And she's in love with Billy. Don't worry. If he doesn't make a go of this mining concession, I'll take care of his finances until he can do so himself. I do not mind telling you, in strictest confidence, that I have

made my will and divided my money equally between them."

"Good bless you, for a sweet, kind gentleman," Mother Jenks gulped, quite overcome with emotion.

Hastily Webster bade Mother Jenks good night and hurried away to escape a discussion on such a delicate topic with Billy's blunt and single-minded landlady. His mind was in a tumult. So it was that he paid no attention to a vehicle that jogged by him with the cochero sagging low in his seat, half asleep over the reins, until a quick command from the closed interior brought the vehicle to an abrupt halt, half a block in advance of Webster.

Save for an arc light at each end of the block, the Calle de Concordia was dim; save for Webster, the carriage and the two men who piled hurriedly out at the rear of the conveyance, the Calle de Concordia was devoid of life. Webster saw one of the men hurriedly toss a coin to the cochero; with a fervent "Gracias, mi capitan," the driver clicked to his horse, turned the corner into the Calle Elizondo and disappeared, leaving his late passengers facing Webster and calmly awaiting his approach. He was within 20 feet of them when the taller of the two men spoke.

"Good evening, my American friend. This meeting is a pleasure we scarcely hoped to have so soon. For the same we are indebted to Lieutenant Arredondo, who happened to look back as we passed you, and recognized you under the arc light."

Webster halted abruptly; the two Sobranitean officers stood smiling and evidently enjoying his discomfiture. Each carried a service revolver in a closed holster fastened to his sword-belt, but neither had as yet made a move to draw—seemingly, Webster felt sufficiently reassured to accept the unwelcome situation with a grace equal to that of his enemies.

"What? You two bad little boys up this late! I'm surprised," he replied in Spanish. He folded his arms, struck an attitude and surveyed them as might an indignant father. "You kids have been up to some mischief," he added, as his right hand closed over the butt of his automatic, where it lay snuggled in the open holster under his left arm, between his shirt and coat. "Can it be possible you are going to take advantage of superior numbers and the fact that you are both armed, to force me into a duel on your terms, my dear Captain Benavides?"

By a deferential bow, the unwholesome Benavides indicated that such were his intentions. "Then," said Webster, "as the challenged party I have the choice of weapons. I choose pistols."

"At what range?" the lieutenant asked with mock interest.

"As we stand at present. I'm armed. Pull your hardware, you pretty pair of polecats, and see if you can beat me to the draw."

Captain Benavides' jaw dropped slightly; with a quiet, deliberate motion his hand stole to his holster-flap. Lieutenant Arredondo wet his lips and glanced so apprehensively at his companion that Webster was aware that here was a situation not to his liking.

"You should use an open holster," Webster taunted. "Come, come—unbutton that holster-flap and get busy."

Benavides' hand came away from the holster. He was not the least bit frightened, but his sense of proportion in matters of this kind was undergoing a shake-up.

"In disposing of any enemy in a gun fight, so a professional killer once informed me," Webster continued, "it is a good plan to put your first bullet anywhere in the abdomen; the shock of a bullet there paralyzes your opponent for a few seconds and prevents him from returning the compliment, and in the interim you blow his brains out while he lies looking at you. I have never had any practical experience in matters of this kind, but I don't mind telling you that if I must practice on somebody, the good Lord could not have provided two more delightful subjects."

He ceased speaking, and for nearly half a minute the three men appraised each other. Benavides was smiling slightly; Arredondo was fidgeting; Webster's glance never faltered from the captain's nervous hand.

"You would be very foolish to draw," Webster then assured Benavides. "If I am forced to kill you, it will be with profound regret. Suppose you two dear, sweet children run alone home and think this thing over. You may change your mind by tomorrow."

of a juggler's, had flown to his holster; but quick as he was, Webster was a split second quicker. The sound of his shot roared through the silent calle, and Benavides, with his pistol half drawn, lifted a bloody, shattered hand from the butt as Webster's automatic swept in a swift arc and covered Arredondo, whose arms on the instant went skyward.

"That wasn't a half bad duel," Webster remarked coldly. "Are you not obliged to me, Captain, for not blowing your brains out—for disregarding my finer instincts and refraining from shooting you first through the abdomen? Bless you, my boy, I've been stuck for years in places where the only sport consisted in seeing who could take a revolver, shoot at a tin can and roll it farthest in three seconds. Let me see your hand."

Benavides sullenly held up that dripping member, and Webster inspected it at a respectful distance. "Steel jacket bullet," he informed the wounded man. "Small hole—didn't do much damage. You'll be just as well as ever in a month."

He helped himself to Arredondo's gun, slipped out the cylinder, and slipped all six cartridges into his palm. Similarly he disarmed Benavides, expressed his regret that circumstances had rendered it imperative to use force, and strolled blithely down the calle. In the darkened patio he groped along the wall until he found the swinging rope by which he had descended from his room—whereupon he removed his shoes, tied the laces together, slung them around his neck, duz his toes into the adobe wall and

climbed briskly to his room.

The next morning Webster waited until Dolores appeared and then accompanied her into the dining room for breakfast.

"Well, how did you pass your first night in Buenaventura?" she inquired, in the manufacture of breakfast conversation.

"Not very well. Jiggers bit me and woke me up, and finally I fell into a trance and had a vision—about you. After that I couldn't go to sleep again. I was fairly bursting to see you at breakfast and read your palm. I've just discovered a wonderful system."

"Show me," she flushed back at him and she extended her little hand. He picked it up gravely and with the dull tunc of a fork made a great show of tracing the lines on her palm.

"You are about twenty-four years old and your ancestors were pure-bred Castilians who came from Madrid, crossing the Atlantic in caravels. Ever since the first Rucy landed on this coast the family has been identified with the government of the country in one way or another. When you were quite a little girl, your father, Don Ricardo Rucy, failed to suppress a revolution and was cornered in the government palace, which was set afire."

"Through the bravery and devotion of a cockney gentleman, Colonel Henry Jenks, an artillery officer in your father's army you were saved from perishing in the burning palace. Colonel Jenks turned you over to his spouse, now known as Mother Jenks, with instructions to raise you a lady, and Mother Jenks has carried out those instructions. Colonel Jenks and your father were executed, and Mother Jenks sent you to the United States to be educated. You had a brother, Ricardo Ruiz Rucy, older than yourself by seven or eight years. I should judge, in some mysterious manner you and your brother lost track of each other, and at the present moment he believes you perished in the flames that gutted the government palace."

"You are of a proud, independent nature; you work at something for a living, and inasmuch as you haven't been able to set aside a great deal of money from your earnings, you are planning to terminate your visit to your native land at an early date and return to the United States for the purpose of getting back to work. These plans, however, will never be consummated."

"Why? Because you are to be married to a nice man and live happily ever afterward, and about sixty days from now, if all goes well, I, John S. Webster, am going to introduce you to your long-lost brother Ricardo. You will first see Ricardo riding at the head of his victorious rebel troops as he enters Buenaventura. He will be the next president of this wretched country, if, fortunately, he is not killed in the revolution he is now fomenting against his father's ancient enemy. Your brother does not know you are living and it will be a proud and happy day for me when I bring him to you. In the interim, what do you purpose having for breakfast? Ham and eggs sunny side up, an omelette or a cereal?"

He released her hand and favored her with the boyish grin that always had the effect of stripping the years from him as one strips the husk from a ripe ear of corn. She was gazing at him in wide-eyed amazement.

"Is my brother really alive?"

"He was as late as midnight last night. Do you recall the chap I saved from being assassinated in New Orleans?"

"Yes."

"Your worthy brother. And do you recall the chauffeur whose passage to this part I was forced to pay?"

"Yes."

"The same individual. I sent him ashore to the launch with Billy, and he has been housed at El Buen Amigo but left early this morning for the back country to open a recruiting office."

She reached across the little table and squeezed his big brown hand impulsively. "You're the most wonderful man I ever knew. And does my poor brother know I am living, Mr. Webster?"

"No—and I'm not going to tell him. I think it will be much nicer to restore you to each other on the steps of the government palace on the day when the Rucy faction comes into its own again. That will make his victory all the sweeter. By the way, where was Ricardo when your father's ship of state went on the rocks?"

"At school in a military academy in Kentucky."

"It is a marvelous mix-up, which Ricardo can doubtless explain. Miss Rucy, I know he believes his sister perished with her father. Mother Jenks didn't know where he was and couldn't communicate with him—and there you are. However, little old Jack Fix-it will bring you together again in due course. In the interim, how about those eggs? Straight up—or flip 'em?"

She beamed across at him. "We are going to be such good, true friends, aren't we?" she urged. He almost shivered, but managed a hypocritical nod. "While we have only known each other twenty-four hours, it seems a great deal longer than that—probably because Billy has told me so much about you, and you're—so comfortable and easy to get acquainted with, and I—I can't very well express my gratitude for what you've done—for what you're going to do." Her voice faltered; she smiled roguishly through the tears of her emotion. "If I were only Billy, now, I could put my arm across your shoulders and settle the matter by saying: 'Johnny, you old horse-thief, you're all right.'"

"The best thing to do would be to cease puffing me up with importance. And now, before we climb out of the realm of romance and the improbable to the more substantial plane of things for breakfast, just one brief word of caution. Now that I have told you your brother lives and is in Buenaventura, forget it until I mention it again, because his presence here is his secret, not ours."

"All right, Calliph," she agreed. "I think I shall call you that hereafter."

Like the late Calliph Haroun Al Raschid, it appears you have a habit of prowling around o' nights in queer places, doing good deeds for your subjects. But tell me about my brother. Describe him to me."

"Not now. Here comes the head waiter with a cablegram for me, I think."

That functionary came to their table and handed one of the familiar yellow envelopes to each of them.

"We'll excuse each other," Dolores suggested. She read:

"Go you if I lose. You are a good, game little scout, and I like you fine. 'JEROME'."

She glanced across at Webster, whose face was a conflicting study of emotions in which disappointment and amazement appeared to predominate.

"You ancient scoundrel!" she heard him murmur.

"What ho, Calliph! Unpleasant news?" she ventured.

"Yes—and no. I had one of the finest jobs in the world all stacked up!—and now the boss cables me it's filled—by a better man."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well—as soon as I've had my breakfast, I'm going to cable Neddy, Jerome and tell him I'm satisfied—satisfied to stay here and satisfied he's a liar. You see, Miss Rucy, he objected vigorously to my coming here in the first place—wanted me to take a 30-day vacation and then manage the Colorado Consolidated Mines company, Ltd. for him. I like Neddy and would have been glad to go to work for his company, but, of course, Billy comes first, and so I declined the offer. Later I changed my mind, and last night I cabled him I'd accept if he'd wait 60 days—possibly 90; and now he replies that he's sorry, but the job is filled by a better man. That's why I know he's a liar."

"I see. You figure there isn't a better mining engineer than you—eh, Calliph?"

He looked at her reproachfully. "No, but Neddy Jerome does, and I know he does because he has taken the trouble to tell me so more than once. And as a rule Neddy inclines toward the truth. However, it's just as well—" He paused, staring hard at her. "By the way, you foretold this! Why, this is amazing."

She could have wept with laughter. "Well"—suddenly—"I told you some other things equally amazing, did I not?"

"Yes, you told me other things more or less interesting; but you foretold this. How do you account for that?"

"The witness declines to answer on the ground that she may incriminate herself and be burned for a witch."

"Remarkable woman!"

"You were about to remark that it is just as well—"

"That Neddy's reconciled to losing me, because since cabling him yesterday evening I've changed my mind again. I'm going to stay here now."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Just to be obstinate. Apparently I'm not wanted here by the powers that be; so just to rile them I'm going to hang around Sobranite and argue the question with them. By the way, I see you received a cablegram also. Better news than mine, I hope."

She nodded. "I have a little business deal on back home. Haven't got a great deal invested, but it looks as if I might make \$10,000."

He arched his eyebrows and favored her with a little disapproving grunt. Sounded like the prospectus of a fake mining promoter—yes, by thunder, that was it. Dolores was a school teacher, and school teachers and doctors are ever the mainstay of a swindler's sucker list.

"You won \$10 from me yesterday," he challenged. "Bet you another ten I can tell you the nature of your investment."

"Go you, if I lose!" Unconsciously she was learning the argot of the male of the species, as exemplified in Neddy Jerome's cablegram.

"It's a mining property."

"You win. It is," she answered truthfully, starting to open her pores. "Quartz or placer?"

"I don't know. Explain."

He chuckled at her ignorance. "Quartz is gold-bearing rock, and placer is gold-bearing gravel."

"Then my mining property is placer, because it has lots of sand."

"I knew it, I knew it," he warned her solemnly, and he shook an admonitory finger at her. "Black sand, eh? Is the gold very fine?"

"I think it is."

"Then you're atung good and deep—go don't decide yourself into thinking you have \$10,000 coming. I never knew a proposition for saving the fine gold in black sand that didn't turn out to be a fizzle. It's the hardest thing



"You Ancient scoundrel!"

Continued on Page 3

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—5.50, 7.40, 8.50 A.
M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each
hour to 9.50 P. M.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

When the brightness of the day has
worn ill number threads show
through
Let us linger in the twilight hour
And talk of joys the sun shone on
And plan our rest when work is done
While the weary heart renews its faith
and power.
It's the time when recollection and an-
ticipation meet,
For the past and future mingle, and the
draught is very sweet.
Oh, we cannot then feel lonely, there's
a glamour over all
If a friend sits where the shadows fall.

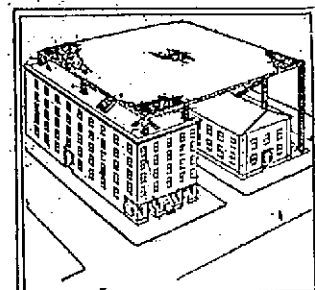
When the glow of life has dimmed away,
before the dark creeps on,
Let us linger in the twilight hour
And talk of joys the sun shone on
And plan our rest when work is done
Without the chill of doubt or hint of
fears.
It's the time when recollection and an-
ticipation meet,
For the past and future mingle, and the
draught is very sweet.
Oh, we cannot then feel lonely, though
alone we must embark
For we know we have a friend beyond
the dark.

CITY LANDING FOR AIRPLANE

Stage on Housetop Is Plan Devised by
Hartford Man, and It Seems
Feasible.

Obviously some means must be pro-
vided whereby flying machines will be
enabled to make a start or a landing
in thickly populated places. The hu-
man bird requires city perches.

A Hartford man, John A. Caulkins,
proposes to solve the problem by erect-
ing on top of high buildings, or
groups of buildings, "landing stages"
of inexpensive construction, light in
weight and so elastic as to meet com-
fortably the shock of arriving planes.



Landing Stage for Airplanes.

Such a landing stage would be sup-
ported by latticed columns. Its hori-
zontal framework would be of girders
and cables, overlaid by a flooring of
metal plates and a surface sheet of
heavy wire net. This elastic floor has
the incidental advantage of not gather-
ing snow or ice. At the same time,
it is sufficiently firm and substantial
for the purpose contemplated and per-
fectly good to walk on. Mr. Caulkins'
plan would, he says, afford ample
landing facilities for airplanes of the
present type.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Steel Rail Easily Weakened.

A steel rail on the Great Northern
railway in England broke into 17
pieces, causing a serious accident. A
committee of the board of trade, ap-
pointed to investigate the cause of the
breakage, made an interesting report
and the investigation led to several
discoveries of practical importance.
Among these was the surprising effect
of cracks in the upper surfaces of
rails. It was found by experiment
that a rail nicked across with a chisel
to a depth of one-sixty-fourth of an
inch broke under a weight of 600
pounds falling from a height of 12
feet, while the same rail not nicked
resisted the fall of a ton weight from
a height of 20 feet.

Worth While Innovations.

There were two things my friend on
the liner returning from Italy would
really like to introduce into the States.
One was that Marsala wine—"say,
that's some stuff, say, if I was a drink-
ing man I could sure set my cork a bob-
bin' on that stuff. And the other was
orange juice on the strawberries. Say,
that's great. I'm goin' to tell my wife
about that dose. Just a little orange
juice and a little sugar; and I know
what she'll say. 'All right, you got
more things in your old head than the
comb'll take out, haven't you?'"
Stark Young in the New Republic.

Lightning Butchers Flock of Sheep.

A jarring crash of lightning inter-
rupted the rest of two herdsmen re-
cently as they slept near their flock
of 1,250 sheep on the range above the
American Fork canyon, in north cen-
tral Utah. A hurried walk of some
200 feet brought them to their charges,
declares Popular Science Magazine.
Striking the close-gathered flock, the
lightning had cut two wide swaths,
about 250 sheep in each. Between
these swaths and on either side, the
animals were not touched.

Adaptable Cook.

Mrs. Brogan—"The people next door
are very fortunate with their cook."
Mrs. Grogan—"Have they had her a
long time?"

Mrs. Brogan—"No, but she's a golf
fiend and the master goes out every
morning and plays golf with her, thus
getting an early breakfast.—Houston
Post.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WEBSTER MAN'S MAN

Continued from Page 2

In the world to save. Now, listen;
you tell me the name of the film-fam
artist that got you into this deal, and
when I get back to the United States
I'll investigate the company; if it's an
out-and-out swindle, I'll take that
promoter by the throat and choke your
money out of him, the scoundrell. It
is just these fly-by-night fellows that
ruin the finest gambling game in the
world and scare off investors in legiti-
mate mining propositions."

"Oh, you mustn't—really, Caliph.
He's an old man, and I only did it to
help him out."

"There should be no sentiment in
business, Miss Ruey."

"Oh, well, let's be cheerful and hope-
ful, Caliph, and discuss a more impor-
tant subject."

"She was very serious now, for by her
meddling she had, she realized, so ar-
ranged matters that at a time when
John Stuart Webster's very life de-
pended upon his immediate departure
from Buena Ventura, he was planning
to stay and face the music, just to be
obedient. "You must reconsider your
decision to remain in this country,"
she insisted. "Your life may be the
price of liberty of action, you know.
Isn't Billy capable of developing the
mine after you advance the cash?"

"I wouldn't advance him a cent for
his mine until I had investigated it
myself."

"Then you should make some ar-
rangements to safeguard yourself
while making the investigation, and
leave Buena Ventura immediately there-
after. Isn't that a sensible proposition?"

"Very—if I felt like leaving So-
brante. But I do not. If that mining
concession is a potential winner, I'll
have to stick around and make a win-
ner out of it before I go away and
leave Bill in charge. Besides, I'm wor-
ried about Bill. He's full of malarial
fever, and last night I got thinking
about him and decided to send him
back to the Colorado mountains for a
few months. I want some regular doc-
tors to work on him so he'll be fit when
he gets back on the job."

As a matter of fact, this plan of send-
ing Billy to the United States had but
that moment occurred to Jack Web-
ster; he reflected now that this plan
was little short of an inspiration. It
would give Billy and Dolores an op-
portunity to marry and have a honey-
moon; it would leave him free of her
disturbing presence, and enable him to
leave Buena Ventura when the Genrys should
return. He resolved to speak to Billy
about it.

Dolores' voice broke in upon his con-
siderations. "But Billy tells me
you already have a fortune sufficient
for the needs of a caliph without a
court. Why risk your precious life to
acquire more? Money isn't everything
in life."

"No, but the game is."

"What game? Mining?"

"The game of life."

"But this is the game of death."

"Which makes life all the sweeter
if I can beat the game. Perhaps I can
better illustrate my point of view with
a story. Some years ago I was sent
to Arizona to examine a mining prop-
erty and report upon it. If I advised
its purchase, my principals were pre-
pared to buy at my valuation. Well,
when I arrived, I found a miserable
shanty close to a shaft and dump, and
in the shanty I found a weather-beat-
en couple. The woman was probably
forty but looked fifty. The man had
never been anything but a hard-rock
miner—\$4 a day had been the limit of
his earnings in any one day until he
stumbled on some float, traced it up,
and located the claims I was there to
examine and try to buy."

"His wife had been a miner's daugh-
ter, knowing nothing but drudgery and
poverty and continuing that existence
after marriage. For 20 years she had
been darning his husband's socks,
washing his clothes, and cooking his
meals. Even after they uncovered the
lode, it wasn't worth any more than
the country rock to them unless they
could sell it, because the man had
neither the money nor the ability to
develop it himself. He even lacked
the ability to sell it, because it re-
quires real ability to unload any kind
of a mine for \$100,000, and real
nerve on the part of the man who
buys. I examined the mine, decided
it was cheap at \$1,000,000, and so re-
ported to my principals. They wired
me to close, and so I took a 60-day
option in order to verify the title."

"Well, time passed, and one bright
day I rode up to that shanty with a
deed and a certified check for \$1,000,
000 in my pocket; whereupon I dis-
covered the woman had had a change
of heart and bucked over the traces.
No, siree! She would not sign that
there deed—and inasmuch as the claim
was community property, her signa-
ture was vitally necessary. She asked
me so many questions, however, as to
the size of the stamp mill we would
install and how many miners would
be employed on the job, that finally I
saw the light and tried a shot in the
dark. "My dear Mrs. Skaggs," I said,
"if you'll sign this deed and save us
all a lot of litigation over this option
you and your husband have given me,
I'll do something handsome. I will—
on my word of honor—I'll give you the
exclusive boarding-house privilege at
this mine."

"And what did she say, Caliph?"

"She said: 'Give me the pen, Mr.
Webster, and please excuse my hand-
writing; I'm that nervous in business
matters.'"

Dolores' silvery laughter rippled
through the room. "But I don't see
the point," she protested.

"We will come to it presently. I
was merely explaining one person's
point of view. You would not, of
course, expect me to have the same
point of view as Mrs. Skaggs of Ari-
zona."

"Certainly not."

"All right! Listen to this! In 1907,
at the height of the boom times in
Goldfield, Nev., I was worth \$1,000,000.
On the first day of October I could
have cashed in my mining stocks for
\$1,000,000—and I had a lot of cash in
bank, too. But I'd always worked so

hard and been poor so long that my
wealth didn't mean anything to me.
I wanted the exclusive privilege of
more slavery, and so I staked a copper
prospect, which later I discovered to
consist of uncounted acres of country
rock and about \$25 worth of copper
stains. In order to save \$100 I did my
own assessment work, drove a pick
into my foot, developed blood poison,
went to the hospital, and was nice and
helpless when the panic came along
the middle of the month. The bank
went bust, and my ready cash went
with it; I couldn't give my mining
stocks away. Everybody knew I was
a pauper—everybody but the doctor.
He persisted in regarding me as a mil-
lionaire and sent me a bill for \$5,000."

"How perfectly outrageous! Why,
Caliph, I would have let him sue me."

"I would have, too—but I didn't. I
induced him to settle for \$100,000
shares of stock in my copper prospect.
The par value was \$1 a share, and I
was going to sell a block at 10 cents,
but in view of his high professional
standing I let him have it for a nickel
a share. I imagine he still has it. I
bought back later all the other stock
I sold, because the property was
worthless, and in order to be a sport
I offered him \$500 for his block, but
he thought I was trying to swindle
him and asked \$5,000."

"Oh, Caliph!"

"Wonderful game, isn't it—this
game of life. So sweet when a fel-
low's taking chances! Now that I am
fairly prosperous again, the only thing
in life that really matters is the un-
certainty as to whether, when finally
I do leave So-brante, I shall ride to
the steamship landing in a hack or a
hearse."

"But you could go in a hack this
morning and avoid that uncertainty."

"The millionaire drudge I told you
of could have gone to live in a pretty
villa on the Riviera, but she chose a
nurse's boarding-house."

"Then why," she persisted, "did you
leave the United States with the firm
intention of remaining in So-brante in-
definitely, change your mind before
you were here eight hours, and cable
this Neddy Jerome person you would
return in 60 or 90 days—and the fol-
lowing morning decide to remain, af-
ter all?"

"My dear young lady, if I changed
my clothes as often as I change my
mind, the what-you-may-call-'em chaps
that manufacture a certain grand
of clothes couldn't keep me dressed."

"But why?"

"That," he answered gravely, "is a
secret."

"Women delight to pry into men's
secrets."

"I know it. Had a friend once—
married. Every night after dinner he
used to sit and stare into the fire and
his wife used to ask him what he was
thinking about. He would look up at
her and tell her it was something he
couldn't explain to her, because she'd
never understood it—and that was all
he would tell her, although right fre-
quently, I dare say, he felt like telling
her some things she could understand? She brooded
over his secret until she couldn't stand
it any more, and one day she packed
her things and flew home to mother.
He let her stay there three months,
and finally one day he sent her a blue
print of what he'd been thinking about."

"What was it?"

"An internal-combustion engine. You
see, until she left him, he'd never
been able to get set to figure out
something in connection with the inlet
valves."

"Stop right there, Caliph. I'm re-
buckled. I'll let you get set to
think."

"I didn't mean that. You let me
get set yesterday—and I figured it all
out then—and last night—and a min-
ute ago. I don't care to do any more
thinking today. Please talk to me."

"And you refuse to tell me why you
cabled your friend, Jerome?"

"You will never know. I told you
it's a secret."

"Bel you I find out."

"How much? That \$10,000 you ex-
pect to make from the flour-gold in
your black-sand claim? And, by the
way, \$10, please. I won it for guess-
ing you were interested in a mining
proposition."

She returned to him the bill she had
won from him the day before. "Ten
thousand dollars suits me. Of course,
I haven't got the money just now, and
this is what Billy calls a finger bet,
but if I lose, I guarantee to pay. Are
we betting even money? I think that
is a generous fair. Under the circum-
stances I should be entitled to odds."

"Nothing doing! No odds on a bet
of this nature to a seeress who has al-
ready jinxed me from soul to ver-
niform appendix by making good! You
know too damned much already, and
how you discovered it is a problem
that may drive me crazy yet."

"After breakfast they repaired to the
veranda to await the result of Web-
ster's experiment with Don Juan Caf-
etero. Sure enough, the wreck had again
returned, he was seated on the edge of
the veranda waiting for them; as they
approached, he held up a grimy, giv-
ering hand, in the palm of which lay
—a five-dollar gold piece.

"What?" Mr. Webster said, amazed.

"Still unchanged?"

"I tried to change it at half a dozen
cannas," Don Juan wheezed, "but
divil a bit av system did any av thim
hairs. Wan offered this in spigotty
money an' the other offered that, an'
sure if I'd taken the best that was
offered I'd take more nor wan drink."

"Bravo! Three long, loud, raucous
cheers for Don Juan Cafetero!" Do-
lores cried. "Was it a terrible task to
come back without a drink, Don Juan?"

He shivered. "A shky-blue kangaroo
wit' a pink tail an' green ears chased
me into this patio, ma'am."

"You're very brave, Cafetero. How
does it feel to win back your self-
respect?" Webster asked him.

"Beggin' the young lady's pardon
—it feels like hell, sor."

"Caliph, don't be cruel," Dolores
pleaded. "Call a waiter and give Don
Juan what you promised him."

So Webster went into the hotel bar
and returned presently with a bottle

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.
Allow no one to deceive you in this.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric,
Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains
neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its
age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has
been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency,
Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising
therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids
the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

of brandy and a glass, which he filled
and held out toward Don Juan. "One
of the paradoxes of existence, Don
Juan," he observed, "lies in the fact
that so many of the things in life that
are good for us are bad for us. This
jolt will disperse the meagerness and
quiet your nerves, but nevertheless it
is a nail in your coffin."

Webster, accompanied by his pro-
tector, strolled uptown on a shopping
tour. Here he omitted Don Juan
nearly but not gaudily and added to
his own personal effects two high-
power sporting rifles, three large-cal-
iber automatic pistols, and a plen-
tiful supply of ammunition—after
which he returned to the hotel, first
having conducted Don Juan to a bar-
ber shop and given him instructions
to report for orders and his mid-day
drink the instant he should have ac-
quired the outward evidences of re-
spectability.

At the hotel Webster found two
messages awaiting him. One was from
Billy Geary, up at San Miguel de Pa-
du, advising him that everything was
in readiness for a trip to the mine.
The other was a note from Ricardo
Ruey, but signed with his initials
of Andrew Bowers. Webster read:

"Dear Friend:
"A certain higher-up has been con-
vinced that it would be extremely in-
advisable to eliminate you now. It
has been pointed out to this person
that you are a prom. cit. up in your
neck of the woods and dangerous to
monkey with—personally and because
such monkeying may lead to unpleas-
ant complications with your paternal
government. A far more artistic and
effective way of raising hell with you
has been suggested to this higher-up
individual, and he has accepted it. In-
deed, the plan pleased him so much
that he laughed quite heartily. Real-
ity, it is quite diabolical, but remem-
ber, he who laughs last laughs best—
and I'm the villain in this sketch."

"Barring accidents, my dear Web-
ster, you are good for at least six
weeks of existence. Beyond that I
dare not guarantee you."

"Thine,
"ANDREW BOWERS."

"That makes it nice," the recipient
of this comforting communication so-
liloquized. He went up to his room,
packed a duffle bag with such belong-
ings as he would find necessary dur-
ing a prolonged stay in the mountains,
and at luncheon was fortunate enough
to find Dolores in the dining room
when he entered.

"I'm going up to San Miguel de Pa-
du this afternoon," he announced as
he took his seat. A look of extreme
anxiety clouded her lovely face, and
he noticed it. "Oh, there's no risk,"
he hastened to assure her. "That
scamp of a brother of yours, through
his friends in high places, has man-
aged to get me a reprieve. I shall
ed her life."

She looked up at him.

her perusal. "And how long do you
expect to be gone, Caliph?"

"Quite a while. I'll be busy around
that drafted concession for a couple
of weeks, surveying and assaying and
what-all; then, while waiting for our
machinery and supplies to arrive from
the United States, I shall devote my
spare time to hunting and fishing and
reforming Don Juan Cafetero. The
cool hills for mine."

"What a selfish, unsociable pro-
gram!" she reflected. "I wonder if
it will occur to him to come down
here once in a while and take me for
a drive on the Malecon and talk to
me to keep me from dying of ennui
before I meet Ricardo. I'll wait and
see if he suggests it."

However, for reasons best known to
himself and the reader, Mr. Webster
made no such interesting suggestion;
so the decided that while he was tre-
mendously nice, he was, nevertheless,
a very queer man and thoroughly ex-
asperating.

Just before the train pulled out
John Stuart Webster took Dolores
hand. "Good-by, Seeress," he said
very soberly. "The trail forks here
for the first time—possibly the last,
although I'll try to be on hand to

make good on my promise to present
you to your brother the day he oc-
cupies the palace. However, if I
shouldn't be in town that day, just
go up and introduce yourself to him.
It's been wonderful to have met you
and known you, even for such a brief
period. I shall never forget you and
the remarkable 24 hours just passed."

"I shall not soon forget them my-
self, Caliph—not you," she added.
"Haven't you been a busy little cup
of tea, Caliph? Within 24 hours after
landing, you have changed your mind
three times, lost the best job in the
world, had your fortune told, been
marked for slaughter, acquired a new-
found friend and recommenced actively
and with extraordinarily good results
the work of reforming him, soused a
gentleman in the fountain, spurned
another with the tip of your boot,
rode with me around the Malecon and
listened to the band concert, bundled
poor Billy off to San Miguel de Pa-
du, discovered my brother presumed
to be dead, and received a reprieve
from your enemies, while they per-
fect new plans for destroying you.
Really, you are quite a caliph."

"Oh, there's a dash of speed in the
old horse yet, Miss Ruey," he assured
her laughingly. "Now listen; don't
tell anybody about your brother, and don't
tell Billy about my adventures since
he left for San Miguel de Padua."

"But I'm not liable to see Billy—"

"Yes, you are—extremely liable. I'm
going to send him back to you as soon
as I can spare him, because I know
you'll be homesick and bored to death
in this lonesome town, and Bill is
bully good company. And I don't want
you to tell him about the mess I'm
in, because it would only worry him;
he can't add me, and the knowledge
that I was in any danger, real or
fancied, would be sufficient to cause
him to rebel against my plans for his
honey-moon for his vacation. He'd in-
stinct on sticking around to protect me."

He looked down at her little hand
where it rested in his, so big and
brown and hard; with his free hand
he patted her hand paternally. "Good-
by, Seeress," he said again; and turn-
ing to the steps, he leaped aboard
just as the train started to move out
of the station.

"Good-bye—Caliph," she called
mournfully. Then to herself: "Bless
his heart, he did remember I'd be
terribly lonely, after all. He isn't a
bit queer, but oh, dear, he is so ex-
asperating. I could bump his kind
old head against a wall!" She turned
her back on the train, fearful that
from where he clung on the steps he
could, even at that distance, see the
sudden rush of tears that blinded her.
However, Don Juan Cafetero, with his
rebound nose to the window of the
last coach, did see them—saw her
prope toward the carriage waiting to
take her back to the hotel.

"Why, there, the poor darlin's cry-
in," he reflected. "Be the Great Gun
an' Allhonor! Shure I thought all along
twins Billy Geary she had her eye on
—God love him! An' be the same
toshen, didn't she tell me I was to
shay sober an' take care av Mister
Webster. Hah-hah-a! Well! I'll
say nothin' an' I'll be neutral, but—
but—"

From which it may be inferred that
romance was not yet burned out of
Don Juan's Gaelic soul. He would be
"neutral," but—but—but—he re-
served the right to butt in!

To be continued

Vain Warnings.

An eminent actor-manager tells a
story concerning a clergyman and his
actor son. Prior to his going on the
stage the father wrote to the manager,
saying, "My son, John, has threatened
to go on the stage, and I want you to
stop him." However, shortly after-
ward, the son did go on the stage,
and the manager, meeting him one
day, asked how his father took it.

"I have not seen him," was the reply,
"but he takes some interest in me,
because whenever my color is charged
with a crime he tells me the report
of it in the newspapers and sends it
to me."

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woollens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be
found in foreign or domestic fabrics, at
per cent. less than our regular prices. This
we do in order to make room for our
Spring and Summer styles, which we will
receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the
make-up of our goods to be the best and
to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

UNFAIR TO GROOM

Why Should Man Be Denied "An-
cestral Harness?"

Bride Allowed to Take Pride in Wear-
ing the Gown in Which Grand-
mother Was Married, but for
Him, Nothing Doing.

Why does a man never get married
in ancestral harness? asks a writer in
the New York Evening Sun.

One reads in the report of a recent
wedding in New Haven, Conn., that
"the bride (Miss Dorothy W. Day)
wore a gown which was worn by her
grandmother when the latter was
married fifty years ago."

In other cases it is not the entire
gown, but the "bridal dress was
trimmed with rare old

The Mercury.

NEWPORT, C. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 151
Home Telephone 1010

Saturday, October 9, 1920

While the State of Ohio is pluming herself on the fact that she will have the next President of the United States, the City of Newport can with equal certainty boast that the next Congressman for the first district of Rhode Island will reside within her borders.

Mayor Gaiser has been renominated for Mayor of Providence, and Daniel E. Geary as the Democratic candidate for State Senator from that city. The Republican candidate for Senator is Herbert F. Sherwood, the son of David F. Sherwood, a gentleman well known in Newport.

Only two States thus far show a decrease in population over the census of 1910. These are Vermont and Mississippi. The population of the latter State is 7932 less than ten years ago. This has been brought about by the migration of the colored people to more congenial localities in the North.

Times have changed. A few years ago the Democrats of Rhode Island in the General Assembly balloted sixty days to elect Robert H. Ives Goddard, a Democrat, a United States Senator. On Wednesday, in the Republican State Convention, one of the active members was Robert H. Ives Goddard.

Newport carried off many honors in the Republican State and District Conventions on Wednesday, one of which was the choice of the genial publisher of the Daily News as one of the Presidential Electors. We congratulate Colonel Sherman on his appointment. He is deserving of the position or any other political honors he may aspire to.

A saloon keeper in Hoboken, N. J., the other day by some means or other, yet unexplainable by the authorities, got arrested for selling liquor. His plea was "Everybody is selling booze, why shouldn't I?" That seems to be the condition in most of the large cities. If any one wants to get drunk, he has ample opportunity. It may cost him a little more, that is all.

The straw votes that are coming in from every State in the Union, still keep Harding and Coolidge far in the lead. That ticket has a majority in every Northern and Western State, and in many of them the vote is two to one, in favor of that side. They still have a majority in Maryland. The rest of the Southern States, still true to Democracy and the suppression of the negro vote, give a majority to Cox and Roosevelt.

Four years ago there were 8,538, 221 votes cast for Hughes for President, and 9,129,606 for Wilson, giving Wilson a plurality of 591,385 votes. That means nothing, however, as this plurality was obtained in the South where the negro vote is suppressed and the white partisans of Democracy can make that majority whatever they choose. In many of the Southern States, if the negroes were allowed to vote as they please and have that vote honestly counted, the Democratic majority would entirely disappear. In the North, the electoral vote of New Hampshire went to Wilson by 25 plurality, on a vote of 87,502. California, through Senator Johnson's disaffection went Democratic by 3806 plurality, on a vote of 928,504. Johnson carried the State by over 200,000 majority. California will vote straight this year, and it is conceded by the opposite party that its electoral vote will be cast for Harding and Coolidge.

THE CONGRESSIONAL NOMINEES

The two candidates for Congress from this District are both citizens of Newport, Hon. Clark Burdick on the Republican ticket, and Hon. Patrick J. Boyle, the Democratic candidate. Both are good citizens and both popular with the people of this city, as evidenced by the many times each has been elected to office. Were the personal character and popularity of the two men simply to be considered, it might be difficult for the voter to decide as to a choice. But there are other matters besides personal popularity for the citizens of Newport and the entire district to consider. First and foremost is the question who can be of greater service to his constituents. If experience is worth anything, then Mr. Burdick's one term in Congress will enable him to accomplish more during his second term than can any new man, however able he may be. Second, it is as certain as anything in the future can be, that the next National House of Representatives will have a much larger Republican majority than has the present Congress.

gress. In that case it should be perfectly plain to everyone that a man in harmony with that majority can accomplish much more than a man opposed to it. That is another and a very important reason why the people of this District should vote for Mr. Burdick.

There are many matters of great importance in which the City and State are deeply concerned, to come before Congress in the next two years. In fact, no section of the country is more vitally interested in the action of Congress than is Newport. Under the hostile Democratic administration of the last eight years we have suffered much. The matters are too numerous to mention. With a Republican President, a Republican Senate and a Republican House of Representatives, many of these matters will be remedied. With the Solid South that has been in the saddle unhorned, the North will come into its own once more. We must be in harmony with the forces that will control the Nation for the next four years. It will, therefore, be a matter of good business, as well as of the highest importance to the people of Newport, to send back to Washington the man who has served his constituents faithfully, intelligently and successfully during the past two years, the Hon. Clark Burdick.

THE GOVERNMENT AS AN EMPLOYER

The Democratic party claims to stand for the interest of the working masses before wage earners accept that claim, it would be well to see what results working people have got when employed by the government departments, which for seven years have been in control of the Democratic party.

The federal employees are the worst paid workers in the country. The postal service is seething with discontent as result of low wages. Back in 1904, the percentage of government employees who voluntarily left the service was 5 1/2 per cent. During the first half of the past fiscal year, it was 33 per cent.

The government departments are in a deplorable state of disorganization and inefficiency. The systems of classification are unfair and incomplete. The same kind of work receives very different rates of pay in different departments. There is no system for rewarding ability, and giving a good worker chance for promotion.

The deplorable condition is illustrated by the fact, as brought out by the New York merchants association, that customs inspectors are paid according to the standard of wages of 30 years ago.

The inefficient departments, bound up in red tape and duplicating systems, are employing many more people than they need. In 1913 there were only a few more than 30,000 federal employees at Washington, while now there are about an even 100,000. If the Democratic administration had reduced federal work to a pre-war basis, it could pay decent salaries and keep its best people. Wage earners who think that the Democratic party is specially favorable to their interest, should study conditions in these departments which that party has controlled.

GETTING TOGETHER IN BUILDING

Building projects aggregating 2,500,000,000 are held up as the result of high costs, lack of available capital, etc. The National Building and Construction Congress is taking the steps to call a conference of all elements interested in the building trades to be held next January. It is proposed to get everybody together from the architect down to the hod carrier.

Many of the interruptions in the world's work arise from lack of this spirit of mutual consultation. Many people have felt that if the heads of all the European governments could have been got together in one room for about two hours on August 1, 1914, the world war could have been prevented.

Much of the trouble in the building trades is due to misunderstandings between capital and labor. Many people on each side feel that those of the opposite faction are bogs. If the two elements could get together regularly and often and discuss their relations and trade conditions frankly, each party would learn more than it knows now, and there would be more chance to unite on a harmonious working policy.

The country is suffering for lack of building, and it will look forward hopefully to the results of this conference. It is called none too soon. Every element in the country having anything to do with construction ought to be willing to do its part to start a big building program early in the spring.

The lack of dwellings magnifies industrial discontent. It keeps people uneasy and leads them to move around from place to place as rents increase. High costs of construction not merely prevent new houses from being put up, but they make it very difficult for owners to keep up property. They are a serious handicap to the advance of the country.

From the White House comes the announcement that leadership on the League of Nations issue has become imperative, and that Governor Cox's efforts require guidance.

JOSEPHUS—HIS NAVY

An officer of the Atlantic Fleet deplores the "personal fads" socialistic theories and political expediency which he says characterizes Josephus Daniels' "eccentric" rule of our naval policy. He writes: "What is our naval policy? Have we any? If so, who decides it? Are the people of this country perfectly willing to leave this important matter to be settled by Josephus Daniels alone? For the last seven years he has ruled as despotically as a czar. The navy has been practically at his mercy. He has falsely accused officers of the navy of being 'disciples of Von Tirpitz' and of wishing to 'Prussianize the navy.' As a fact, he alone has been a 'disciple of Von Tirpitz.' He alone has used Prussian methods. He has been the only tyrant. He has violated traditions, ignored advice and decided the questions on the basis of personal fads, socialistic theories and political expediency."

Let us briefly review the naval policy of Mr. Daniels during the last seven years. From 1913 to 1917 he declined to lift a finger to build new ships of a type that could be used for the World War. He made no study of the probable needs of our navy, when it was perfectly plain that we would be drawn into the struggle and that we would require destroyers to combat the German submarines. He watched and marine warfare for two years and made no preparations for it—none whatever. Furthermore, he neither encouraged nor permitted officers of the navy do anything, though they plainly saw the danger and warned him daily.

He worked to make the navy a "great university," not a fighting machine. He treated the navy as a plaything or as the first line of the nation's defense at a time when the world was on fire. The General Board solemnly warned him that "ships without personnel to man them were like so many masses of steel, useless for purposes of war and leading only to a false sense of our national security." And yet he ignored the General Board. He neglected to provide personnel, and sent the navy into the war in a criminal condition of unreadiness for battle, with ships half manned and crews untrained. The people were grossly deceived as to the true condition of the navy.

COX ON BRYAN BRYAN ON COX

Out in Nebraska the other day Candidate Cox, realizing that he was in William Jennings Bryan's State, delivered a eulogy of Bryan:

"I have known Mr. Bryan politically and personally for many years. He has been an influence for good. I supported him three times for the Presidency, with my newspapers, my voice and my vote, and would have done so again this year had he been the candidate of the Democratic party instead of myself. As a matter of fact, as a young man I gained from Mr. Bryan's leadership many of the progressive ideas which I have since endeavored to propagate."

The Mr. Bryan over whom Candidate Cox was so fulsome is the Mr. Bryan who gave a candid opinion of James M. Cox on May 13 last in a formal statement issued at Lincoln: "Cox's nomination would make the Democratic party the leader of the lawless elements of the country, and his election, if such a thing were possible, would turn the White House over to those who defy government and hold law in contempt. There is no chance of his election, if nominated, but why should any Democrat be willing to support a man whose nomination would insult the conscience of the nation. After disgracing his State he aspires to a position in which he could disgrace the nation."

Does this statement of Mr. Bryan's embrace any of the "progressive ideas" which Mr. Cox professes to admire?

We have a league of our own inside the boundaries of the United States and need not go abroad looking for trouble or occupation.

The forty-eight States are forty-eight nations. Texas alone could feed the whole world, and will one day have a population greater than that of the British Islands.

The forty-eight nations of the United States of America, united forever, with free trade and only friendly competition among them, are quite a sufficient "League of Nations."

What kind of a mind is it that suggests making this great union of States a mere unit in another union, to be ruled from across the water—Boston American.

The Massachusetts Democratic convention caused some rattling of bones in the Quincy graveyard when it named Charles Francis Adams as an elector to vote (if elected) for Jimmy Cox, but not for long. "It is all news to me," said the Resolute skipper. "I was not consulted. I shall refuse to accept. I shall not vote the Democratic ticket." Whereupon the whole line of ghosts from Great-great-grandfather John to Father John Quincy returned quietly to the Elysian Fields—Harvey's Weekly.

It is curious how many people there are of the same name in Newport. The voting lists, which have just been printed, contain in the male list 191 Sullivans, 76 Murphys, and 76 Smiths. These are the three most numerous names in Newport. There are other names, however, that are crowding the Murphys and the Smiths quite hard. But the Sullivans far outnumber all the others.

NOWADAYS

This is the new procedure Since it has precious grown: Eat and the world eats with you, Drink and you drink alone.

Cox complains that the dead keep coming to life. The liquor question won't stay buried and Bryan has abandoned his grave for the war path.

The census shows a decrease of 7000 in Mississippi. The war and high wages in the North made it possible for some of the negro population to escape.

BLOCK ISLAND

Market Whists Begin

The popular weekly Market whists of the local Athletic Association were again instituted for the fall and winter season last Saturday night at the Club's new quarters in Michigan Hall. Owing to the fact that the Islanders have hardly recovered from the summer season's activities and many of the young people being away on vacation trips, a record attendance was not anticipated, although at 8:30 twelve tables were put into play.

The assortment, which was furnished by the Public Market, was awarded as follows: Bag of flour, Shirley Smith; 1 chicken, Miss Ida Hall; 5 lbs. sugar, Joseph P. Mallof; 5 lbs. bacon, Mrs. Mae Allen; 2 lbs. coffee, Miss Gertrude Mott; 5 lbs. lard, Miss Eleanor Conley; assortment canned goods, Miss Leila Littlefield; assortment vegetables, Winfield Conley. Consolations, Mrs. Emerson Mitchell, Martin Mitchell. Official scorers, Edward Toipier, Clarence Lewis.

At the conclusion of the whist ice cream and cakes were served, after which dancing was in order until midnight.

K. of C. Hut Closes

The Knights of Columbus War Activities Club, for the past three years located at Hygeia Heights, NW Harbor, closed its doors last Tuesday afternoon, when General Secretary Frank J. Ackerman bade the Island adieu and departed for Providence.

During its existence on the Island the K. of C. Naval Club has been an important factor in inculcating a spirit of "public spiritedness" among a vast number of the younger generation and numerous representatives of the "old timers" have spent many happy hours in the little hut upon the hill. All this, however, was in addition to performing an invaluable service to the boys of Uncle Sam's Navy who were stationed on the Island during the late war. With the departure of Mr. Ackerman the town has lost one of its most progressive citizens, a man who stood for truth and honor and a man who demanded the same from his associates—his every move was aboveboard and straight from the shoulder.

These truly American characteristics won for him a host of admirers, who with the entire community regret his departure but wish him unmeasured success and prosperity wherever his vocation calls him.

Lester E. Dodge of Norfolk, Va., is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Uriah Dodge, at her home on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mitchell are enjoying a two weeks' auto trip through New England.

The sectional committee of the Good Government Club held a spirited meeting last Wednesday evening at the old Y. M. C. A. building at the New Harbor. Twenty-four of the executive members were present. Three prominent members of the Democratic party are said to have attended and conferred with the executive committee in regard to what is thought to be a fusion movement. According to an announcement from Mr. Ball, who was temporary chairman, another meeting will be held within a week, after which the general public will be enlightened as to the identity of the members and the purposes of the organization.

Gods Galore.

India holds the record for images. It has been estimated that there are quite 300,000,000 images of the various gods there.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2880—\$1.00
Fee Fi Fo Fum—One Step
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox Trot
- A2879—\$1.00
Just Another Kiss—Waltz
Ah There—Fox Trot
- A2883—\$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
- A2895—\$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
- A2898—\$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE

NEWPORT, R. I.

WEEKLY CALENDAR, OCTOBER, 1920

STANDARD TIME											
Sun	Sun	Sun	Sun	Sun	Sun	Sun	Sun	Sun	Sun	Sun	Sun
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
9 Sat	10 Sun	11 Mon	12 Tues	13 Wed	14 Thurs	15 Fri	16 Sat	17 Sun	18 Mon	19 Tues	20 Wed
5 50	6 52	7 54	8 56	9 58	10 59	11 59	12 59	1 59	2 59	3 59	4 59
11 59	12 59	1 59	2 59	3 59	4 59	5 59	6 59	7 59	8 59	9 59	10 59
11 59	12 59	1 59	2 59	3 59	4 59	5 59	6 59	7 59	8 59	9 59	10 59
11 59	12 59	1 59	2 59	3 59	4 59	5 59	6 59	7 59	8 59	9 59	10 59
11 59	12 59	1 59	2 59	3 59	4 59	5 59	6 59	7 59	8 59	9 59	10 59
11 59	12 59	1 59	2 59	3 59	4 59	5 59	6 59	7 59	8 59	9 59	10 59
11 59	12 59	1 59	2 59	3 59	4 59	5 59	6 59	7 59	8 59	9 59	10 59
11 59	12 59	1 59	2 59	3 59	4 59	5 59	6 59	7 59	8 59	9 59	10 59
11 59	12 59	1 59	2 59	3 59	4 59	5 59	6 59	7 59	8 59	9 59	10 59

Last quarter, October 4, 7:54 evening.

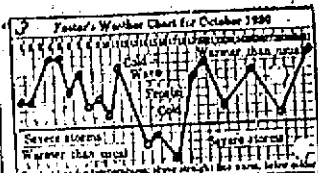
New moon, October 11, 7:50 evening.

First quarter, October 19, 7:25 evening.

Full moon, October 27, 9:03 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 1st inst., Mildred, daughter of the late Harrison and Melissa Hicks, aged 4 years.
In this city, 2d inst., Maud S., wife of Harry G. Peckham.
In this city, 3d inst., Mary A. Johnson, in her 60th year.
In this city, 4th inst., suddenly, Chester B. Tallman.
In this city, 4th inst., Walter A. Henry.
In Middletown, 1st inst., suddenly, Leonard Sidney, son of Herbert W. and Helen Bennett, in his 13th year.
In Middletown, 4th inst., Joseph Morton, son of John H. and Jessie B. Anthony, in his 38th year.
In South Portsmouth, 2d inst., Grace E., wife of Robert H. Manchester.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Oct. 9, 1920.

Warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., about Oct. 9 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope and the American and Canadian Rockies. Its center will pass southeastward near Salt Lake, St. Louis and Nashville, the northward into the New England States and eastern Canada, occupying about five days in crossing the Continent. Two or three days behind this warm wave a cold wave will follow and carry frosts southward about the average distance for the season.

Precipitation from this storm will be located about the same as for the past three months and together with the preceding storm, will bring the principal moisture of this month. It is not expected any radical change in the location of moisture until in November. Principal rains come with the severe storm period for this month; it will cross the continent during the five days centering on Oct. 27.

I advise to sow winter grain where the soil is now in good condition. Or course, conditions are never favorable on all parts of the continent and while the crops of 1921 will be much better in some sections than others, the general average for Canada, Mexico and America will be better than usual, and I believe the demand will be all that producers can reasonably ask.

Producers should not be discouraged by future prospects. Bad management of those higher up has caused unnecessary losses, but for 1921 all values will be reduced and therefore the expenses of the farm, the mine and factory will be less. Normal market values cannot go back to the low points that prevailed before the World War. Increases in the cost of labor will be compensated by increased values of products as compared with before-the-war values.

An immense immigration from Europe is now pouring into America and Canada and is decidedly favorable to all of our industries, particularly to agriculture. All this will result in smaller farms, better cultivated, and better returns. The small farms of France, constitute a great agricultural success. The greatest mistake is being made by young people leaving the farms and going to the cities.

THE COST PLUS SYSTEM

The way Democratic theories of business operate in practice was very prettily illustrated by the operation of the so-called "cost plus" system as used in the war work.

The Democratic administration seemed to be very suspicious of this contract system for getting war work done, and as a result a considerable portion of the work was done on the "cost plus" system. It was believed that if the ordinary contract system was used the contractors would make too much money.

Under the "cost plus" system, a contractor was to be guaranteed his expenses, and then a fixed percentage of profit. It looked well on paper. But as it practically worked, it was for the interest of a contractor to have his expenses mount up as high as possible. Even if a contractor meant to be honest, he would easily become careless under such a system. If his costs on a job were \$1,000,000, and if he was guaranteed 10 per cent profit, he would make \$100,000. But if his costs ran up to \$2,000,000, then his profits would be \$200,000.

It was human nature under such circumstances for many contractors to pay what the employees asked, and also to pay whatever was asked for raw materials. One consequence was to send up wages in some localities away beyond reason. This had its effect on the general labor situation and helped on the rise of prices. As fast as workers got more, the prices mounted to correspond, so they got no benefit.

The contract system would have been better, as it puts contractors on their mettle to do their best and keep costs down, and be satisfied with narrow margins of profit. While it is no use lamenting past waste, yet administrators who work in so impractical a manner are not suited to handle the public business, either in time of peace or war.

SEX CONFLICT IN POLITICS

A political speaker expressed concern in a rally held a few nights ago lest women form a distinctively woman's party. He felt that if women maintain a separate organization, and work for certain ends peculiar to women, the results would not be good. If antagonism grew up between the sexes, many women would vote for an inferior candidate because she was a woman and men would vote for an inferior man, to "show the women their place."

The speaker expressed the idea that both party organizations ought to receive women into all clubs and committees, and give them every chance to work through existing organizations for the ends they have in view.

Some people do not like the idea of women's running for office. It strikes them with a bit of a shock, as if the female candidate were overstepping traditional decorum. This feeling will not probably last long. Still, it is remarkable that in the States where women have voted for years, the proportion of female candidates for office is small.

Probably the activities of women in

politics will be much like their participation in business. In the business world women are not reported as combining against men. If the women manage a concern and feel they can do better to hire a man for some job, the question of sex does not interfere.

In community work generally, it is rarely the case that the two sexes line up against one another. In churches, civic improvement societies, etc., men and women rarely divide on sex lines. Nevertheless, a party organization that does not now secure the woman's point of view by giving them ample and adequate representation, will get "in bad" with a mass of new voters.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Manchester of this town

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Manchester celebrated their golden wedding at the home of their daughter, Mrs. George Elliott, on the East Main Road, on Tuesday evening.

A dinner, given by the children was served at 5 p.m., and came as an entire surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Manchester. Two tables were set in the dining room, with covers for eighteen. Those present at the dinner were the children, grandchildren, Mrs. Chester Butts of Providence, and Rev. and Mrs. Everett P. Smith.

The main table was decorated with a vase of lemon and orange marigolds at either end and a small electric lamp in the center. At this table were seated Mr. and Mrs. Manchester, their children with their wives and husbands, and Rev. and Mrs. Smith. The grandchildren, with Mrs. Butts, were seated at the other table, which was decorated with red and white dahlias and candles. Mr. and Mrs. Manchester were married in Providence in 1870, and their attendants were the late Mr. and Mrs. Stephen P. Albro, whose daughter, Mrs. C. Edward Furnum, was present at the anniversary celebration. Mrs. Manchester was Miss Ruth Maria Rogers of this town. Mr. and Mrs. Manchester have always resided in this town and Middletown. For years Mr. Manchester travelled in the West and in Canada, trading in horses, and ran the farm at St. Mary's Church for seven years. After that he engaged in the grocery business in the store where he now does business.

Mr. and Mrs. Manchester have four children, all of whom reside in this town. Mrs. Eliza Gertrude Elliott, Mr. George Rogers Manchester, Mr. Frank Harold Manchester and Mr. John R. Manchester, Jr. They also have six grandchildren, Messrs. Ward and Rutherford Elliott, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Helen Swanton of Kokomo, Ind., and Misses Mary and Hope Manchester, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Manchester, and Miss Ruth Elizabeth Manchester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Manchester, Jr.

A reception was held from 8 to 10. Mr. and Mrs. Manchester received numerous gifts of gold, silver, plants, glass, jewelry, and many gold pieces in fancy boxes. Rev. Everett P. Smith made a few fitting remarks and read an original poem.

Mr. Chester B. Tallman, who died in Newport on Monday, was born in this town, a son of the late Mr. John Wesley Tallman and Mrs. Almira Tallman. He received his early education in this town and resided here until early manhood. He was a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 22, F. & A. M.

Mr. George A. Brown and his daughter, Mrs. Newton Holland, are spending a week with Mr. Brown's son, Mr. Albert E. Brown in Danbury, Conn.

Portsmouth Caucus Held in Town Hall

At the Republican Caucus held recently in the town hall, the ladies of the town attended in large numbers. Mr. Walter Chase called the meeting to order and was named as Chairman of the caucus with George R. Hicks as Clerk.

The nominees for delegates to the State Convention were elected without opposition and are as follows: Mrs. Annie Mott, Walter B. Chase, Mrs. Ethel Sherman and Arthur A. Sherman.

Delegates to the Congressional Convention were elected without opposition and comprised John M. Eldridge, Clara Miller, Chester A. Carr and Henry C. Anthony.

The delegates to each Convention were given power to fill any vacancies which may occur in their number.

Mr. Arthur A. Sherman received a unanimous nomination as Senator. Mr. William H. Bone was nominated by the town's committee for Representative, and Mr. Arthur Sherman nominated Mr. Benjamin F. C. Boyd, who has held that office two years. In all 262 votes were cast, and of these Mr. Boyd received 132 and Mr. Bone 80.

The nominees for town's committee for two years were Walter B. Chase, Alfred J. Mott, Clara Miller, Vera Storrs, Charles Gifford, Herman Holman and Borden L. Sisson. The meeting adjourned at 10 o'clock.

Democratic Caucus

The Democrats of the town held a caucus at the town hall which was also well attended. David B. Anthony was chosen chairman and Mrs. Fannie R. Tallman was clerk. The nominees elected were as follows:

Member of the State Central Committee—Charles L. Fish.
Delegates to Convention—Mrs. Fannie R. Tallman, David B. Anthony, Mrs. Flora P. Anthony, Patrick F. Murphy, Mrs. Patrick F. Murphy, Town's Committee—Michael J. Murphy, Mrs. Susie Murphy, David B. Anthony, Mrs. Flora P. Anthony, Mrs. Fannie R. Tallman.

The delegates were given power to fill any vacancies in their number.

Major General George W. Goethals has been made president of the East Coast Fisheries Company, the largest concern of the kind in the country. Its main plant is at Rockland, Maine, but has branches in Boston and New York.

ANDREW OF GREECE.

Probable Successor to the Greek Monarchy.



There have been rumors that King Alexander of Greece was contemplating abdication. If he does, his successor probably will be his brother, Prince Andrew.

MORE MEN THAN JOBS, FIRST TIME IN 2 YEARS

Work Soon to Be Scarce in Cities, Salvation Army and Knights of Columbus Warn.

New York.—Reports made public here by employment agencies of both the Salvation Army and the Knights of Columbus indicated that jobs soon will be scarce in cities.

Equalization of labor supply and demand during the last week was reported by the five employment offices in this city conducted by the Salvation Army. For the first time in two years as many men were found seeking work as there were jobs available.

A feature of the week, a statement by the Army said, was a falling off in demand for unskilled workers. Previously there had been a greater call for this class of labor than for "white-collar" workers. The report said it was altogether possible that the near future would see a return of the condition when there are more men than jobs.

William J. McInley, supreme secretary of the Knights of Columbus, after a three months' survey of Knights of Columbus employment bureaus, warned young men from agricultural districts to keep away from the cities.

"Men are flocking to New York, Chicago, Boston and other large cities looking for employment," said Secretary McInley, "and hundreds of them are glad to accept menial positions in hotels, where at least their meals are assured."

"The present fall in prices of certain commodities is being accompanied by a fall in wages for certain kinds of labor. Production has had a decided drop in many big industries and the supply of help, especially of the semi-skilled kind, greatly exceeds the demand."

Forty-five per cent of the learners at sewing machines in the garment and clothing industry are paid between \$10 and \$12 a week, according to the consensus of replies received by the Bureau of Factory Practice and Industrial Relations of the International Association of Garment Manufacturers to a questionnaire sent out to members recently.

Replies indicated that 20 per cent of the learners receive \$8 or \$9.

Thirty per cent of the establishments replying to the second question made no difference in pay between inexperience on the piece work at the regular rate, while the remaining 57 per cent pay a higher week wage—the average being 22 per cent over the starting wage for absolutely inexperienced learners.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

CHICAGO.—Wheat sold below \$2 for the first time since trading in that grain was resumed on the Board of Trade last July and touched the lowest level it has reached since 1917 here. March wheat was down to \$1.95.

NEW YORK.—The Salvation Army relief department says the era of labor shortage has been reached, and the period of less employment is beginning.

LONDON.—As a result of Lord Mayor MacSwiney's long fast, Irish prisoners have ceased to resort to hunger striking, says the Daily Mail.

TRENTON, N. J.—More than \$18,000,000 will be needed for the building of seven new bridges and repairing 200 present bridges on New Jersey's highways, according to a statement submitted to Governor Edwards by the State Highway Commission.

CHICAGO.—Freight congestion which became acute after the switchmen's strike has been largely cleared up, but demand for cars for movement of grain is increasing, says a report by the American Railroad Association. Reports from the Chicago Board of Trade show considerable improvement in transportation.

LAYS MURDER PLOT TO BRITISH

Arthur Griffith, Sinn Fein Leader, Says He Is Marked for Assassination.

ASSERTS THAT HE HAS LIST.

Black and Tans Wreck Town to Avenue Mate.—Bombs Thrown by Irish Constabulary in Reprisal for Shooting of Inspector.

Dublin.—Sensational charges that the government itself was responsible for reprisals in Ireland and that a certain number of Sinn Fein leaders were marked for assassination were made by Arthur Griffith, founder of the Sinn Fein organization, who said he was first on the list of intended victims.

Mr. Griffith, to support his statement, exhibited to the group of American, English and continental newspaper men, to whom he made a long statement preferring the charges, alleged official documents secured by Sinn Fein agents. Among these papers was an official permit alleged to have been signed by Gen. Sir Nevill Macready, military commander of Ireland. It was made out to a man named Hardy, who has had a lifelong career of forgery and imprisonment. Hardy is alleged to have been released prematurely from prison on a ticket of leave signed by Ian MacPherson as Chief Secretary for Ireland, permitting him to move about freely in Ireland unhampered by police surveillance in the role, as Mr. Griffith asserted, of a government spy.

Although accustomed to almost daily sensations, Dublin was greatly excited over the revelations of Mr. Griffith, which were published in one of the afternoon newspapers.

It is pointed out that if the documents are authentic, Mr. Griffith is liable to arrest under the defense of the realm act and under the new restoration of order act, for having them in his possession, and particularly a military order relating to a movement of troops not yet carried out. Similarly it is said that every newspaper correspondent transmitting such an order, or the substance of it, and editors of British newspapers reproducing it likewise are subject to arrest.

Mr. Griffith read to the newspaper men a secret order which he said was issued from general headquarters two days after the recent Ballybrigan affair, saying:

"There are indications that the measures recently taken by the government for the suppression of disorder in Ireland are beginning to bear fruit, and have the desired effect on, at any rate, the more moderate section of the Sinn Fein, who are beginning to use their influence to prevent the campaign of outrage. The Irish government hope, if the pressure is maintained and if certain measures they have in view are successful, a great improvement in the situation may take place within two months."

Mr. Griffith charged that Hardy who had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment after confessing to thirty years of crime, was released nine months afterward to act as an agent provocateur, in which capacity he approached the Sinn Fein.

Mr. Griffith said a propaganda campaign in America, representing the Sinn Fein as divided into two sections, with the lives of the Moderates in danger from the Extremists, was organized by Irish government officials to cover the intended murder of Republican leaders and to divide the people by representing the deaths as due to the Extremists.

"I am first on the list," he said, "and the story is to be circulated as in the case of the Lord Mayor of Cork that he was assassinated by extremists because I was urging moderate action. We are aware of the names they have on the assassinations list."

The Sinn Fein has published a detailed list of 200 armed soldiers and police who fell into the hands of the "Republican army" since May. It says the men were treated with courtesy as prisoners of war and were released uninjured after they had been disarmed. The Sinn Fein document claimed this proves the organization "is not a huge murder society."

SUPREME JUDGES VISIT WILSON.

Receives Supreme Court Justices for First Time Since 1918.

Washington.—For the first time since 1918 President Wilson received the justices of the United States Supreme Court, who called to pay their respects. The court convened at noon after its summer recess and immediately adjourned so that the justices might visit the White House.

The annual visit to the President was omitted last year because of Mr. Wilson's illness.

RED ARMY IN FULL RETREAT.

Bolshevik Demoralized—42,000 Prisoners Captured.

London.—The Bolshevik armies are in full retreat, both on the Polish and Crimean fronts. The troops are said to be demoralized, suffering from hunger and deserting in large numbers.

The Polish army headquarters reports that the Bolsheviks are near the point of collapse. More than 42,000 prisoners have been captured. Sixteen Soviet divisions were completely defeated.

Employees of the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Company were given a hearing by the Massachusetts Public Utilities Commission on their petition that the "Bay State" Company be prohibited from continuing to operate a type of one-man car which they claim to be a menace to public safety.

DR. HELONIUS-SEPPALA.

Prohibition Commissioner of Finland Now Here.



Dr. Matti Helonius Seppala of Helsinki is prohibition commissioner of Finland. He came to America to attend the fifteenth annual congress against alcoholism in Washington.

PEASANTS SEIZE LANDS OF SICILIAN BARONS

Occupation of Properties of Absentee Owners a Festival; Monk Waves Crucifix.

Palermo, Italy.—Thousands of armed men have invaded the large estates of almost the entire island, which is still held in almost feudal condition by the barons. These absentee landlords, whose properties, although not well cultivated, usually yield immense profits, spend most of their time and money in Naples, Rome, Paris and Madrid.

Picturesque scenes were enacted, especially at Alcamo, where peasants marched, waving the national flag, bearing religious standards and singing popular songs. There were leaders from all parties. Socialists, Catholics and former combatants, even the monk, Father Brancatelli, who preceded the crowd on horseback, crucifix in hand, surrounded by a staff composed of Catholics and ex-combatants, symbolizing the new alliance of the cross and sword.

Amid cries of rejoicing and prayers of thanksgiving the strange procession occupied the large estate of the Duke of Caratolano. No resistance was offered, despite the presence of police and carabinieri, whose instructions were not to oppose occupation of estates insufficiently cultivated.

Similarly the peasants occupied the estate of Baron Camarata, Baron Floristelli and many others of the gentry. The prefect of Catania was warmly applauded by the people for having issued a decree legally permitting the occupation of estates and their division into small holdings among the peasants who fought in the war.

Only one deplorable incident occurred. Three hundred horsemen from the village of Sant' Angelo Muxara, led by their own mayor, were returning after having occupied the Muxarella estate, escorted by ten carabinieri and two sergeants, when, without warning, 100 peasants from the neighboring village of Sanbiagio, hidden behind trees, fired, killing one and wounding several others, and then making their escape.

The attack by the peasants is attributed to the fact that the people of Sanbiagio considered Muxarella within their province and, therefore, treated the Santo Angelo peasants as usurpers.

Teachers' Union Failure.

Boston.—The Boston Federation of Men Teachers' Local Union No. 100 will return its charter to the Boston Central Labor Union, ending the attempt to unionize school teachers here. Members of the teachers' union decided to disorganize because of their opposition to the Central Labor Union's stand for equal pay for men and women engaged in the same work.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Another fuel administrator is needed in the United States this winter, and some coal operators "should be indicted at the bar of public opinion or they cannot be at the bar of justice," says a memorandum submitted to President Wilson by J. F. McGee, of Indianapolis, former Federal judge and fuel administrator for Minnesota during the war. Secretary Payne announced that Herbert Hoover has been appointed as a member of the Advisory Board of the Eastern Industrial Super Power Survey, now being conducted by the Geological Survey.

The United States Navy is organizing a new fleet of nine warships which it was officially stated will be permanently based upon the Panama Canal for protection of American and foreign interests in Central America. The fleet will include five cruisers and four gunboats.

Although the American Legion has again gone on record for the passage of the soldiers' bonus bill opponents of the measure in Congress are preparing to continue their fight against it, and believe it will be sidetracked in the coming session.

President George W. Grant of the Boston National League club announced that as a result of the findings of the Grand Jury in Chicago, which is investigating the World's Championship series of 1919, Joseph "Sport" Sullivan and the Brown referred to as a Boston gambler would henceforth be barred from Braves Field.

N. Y. POPULATION IS 10,384,144

Country's Most Populous Commonwealth Increased 13.9 Per Cent in Decade.

OTHER FIGURES ANNOUNCED.

Three States Show Gratifying Gains Over 1910 Census—City Drops 1,103 in Account—Revised Total 5,620,018.

Washington.—New York state, the most populous in the country has a population of 10,384,144, an increase of 1,270,530, or 13.9 per cent over that of ten years ago. Populations of three other states also were announced by the Census Bureau. Texas has 4,001,027 inhabitants, an increase of 781,485, or 20.0 per cent over 1910. New Jersey with a population of 2,155,374 showed an increase of 618,207, or 24.7 per cent. Idaho with a population of 431,826 increased 108,232, or 32.1 per cent.

New York's growth was the second largest in its history, but was 574,190 below that of the decade ending in 1910. Its percentage increase was next to the lowest on record, a growth of 12.9 per cent being shown for the decade ended with 1870.

Texas is expected to retain its present rank of fifth most populous state. Although its numerical growth was large, the state showed its lowest relative increase.

New Jersey, which ranked eleventh in 1910, passes Indiana and Georgia in the 1920 census rank. The state showed its second largest numerical growth on record.

Revised figures for New York city were announced by the Census Board. According to the Bureau, 5,620,018 persons are included in the population of the five boroughs, Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond.

This is a decrease of 1,103 from the former figures of 5,621,151 announced in June. It was learned at the Census Bureau that the reduction is due to duplications, chiefly in Brooklyn and Richmond. No change was made in the figures for Manhattan or the Bronx, but the count in Queens was increased.

Simultaneously with the new figures on New York city, the population of New York state was announced as 10,384,144, an increase of 1,270,530 or 13.9 per cent over the 9,113,614 persons in the state in 1910. In 1900 the state's population was 7,263,804, the percentage of increase between 1900 and 1910 being 25.4. It will be seen that the increase in the last ten years was only a little more than half the increase in the previous decade.

In New York city, Manhattan leads the boroughs with 2,284,103 population, but Brooklyn is a close second with 2,018,358. Manhattan dropped in population 2 per cent between 1910 and 1920, losing 47,430 persons. All other boroughs increased in the ten years.

The decrease in Manhattan's population was shown in the census figures made public some weeks ago. It was said at the time that this was attributable to the fact so many persons had moved from the island into other boroughs, leaving Manhattan largely a business center.

★ HONEST PLAYERS
★ GET \$1,500 EACH
★ FROM COMISKEY.
★ Chicago.—Charles A. Comiskey, key, owner of the Chicago White Sox, sent checks for \$1,500 each to the ten members of last year's team who were not involved in the baseball scandal.
★ Letters accompanying the checks said the money was sent to reimburse the players for the amount they lost when the White Sox failed to win the 1919 world's series.
★ In a letter to Manager Gleason and each of the players Comiskey said:
★ "I do not intend that you, as honest ball players, shall be penalized for your honesty or suffer by reason of the dishonesty of others. I therefore take pleasure in handing you \$1,500, the difference between the winners' and losers' share."



Prevent Falling Hair With Cuticura Shampoos

The first thing to do in restoring dry, thin and falling hair is to get rid of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Rub Cuticura Ointment into the scalp, especially spots of dandruff and itching. Then morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse with tepid water.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum are indispensable adjuncts of the daily toilet in maintaining skin purity and skin health. By bringing these delicately medicated emollients in frequent contact with your skin as in use for all toilet purposes, you keep the skin, scalp, hair and hands clear, sweet and healthy. The Soap, Ointment and Talcum 25c. each everywhere. Cuticura Soap shaver without soap.

BEDS and BEDDING

This is a wonderful opportunity for you to supply your beds and bedding needs for now and hereafter

Fine Brass Beds that ought to be \$25.00
\$18.75

Brass Beds that ought to be \$30.00
\$22.50

Brass Beds that ought to be \$10.00
\$30.00

Pure Silk Floss Mattresses that ought to be \$20.00
\$17.98

SOLID MAHOGANY ROUND TIP TOP TABLES

24 inch top with carved clawfoot base
ought to be \$24.00

\$15.75

Solid Mahogany Mullin Stands ought to be \$15.00
\$11.25

TITUS'

August Clearance Sale

225-229 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street

Friday, July 18, 1919

Friday, July 16, 1920

DEPOSITS \$11,255,829.67 \$11,713,488.33

INCREASE = = = = \$457,658.66

DILIGENCE

Franklin spoke from experience when he said:

"Diligence is the mother of luck."

By applying diligence to saving, as well as to earning, you can accumulate a fund that will some day make you independent.

Deposit regularly with us.

4 Per Cent Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY.

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

MARSH

1 BROADWAY

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND
AUCTIONEER

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 1/2 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Orders Promptly Attended to

All Goods are Fresh Absolutely

A Pound of Cheese

By KATE EDMONDS

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Beth Brownling walked around the village square three times before she gained courage to enter David Prescott's store. It was the only store in the village where one could buy good cheese, and Beth had promised her mother to buy it there.

"Never mind, dearie, if you have quarreled with David," she admonished her pretty daughter. "He has the best grocery in Brookville—and you can't stay away forever. One of you must unband a little."

"But, mother," objected Beth, and then smiled at her mother's twinkling eyes. "Oh, well," she sighed. "I hope he won't be there—I hope Captain Benny's keeping store."

The gate latched behind her and Mrs. Brownling sighed a little, too, as she went into the house. "I am afraid Beth has my obstinacy," she murmured. "Mine nearly wrecked my happiness and Daniel's—and I'm bound Beth shall have another chance—if cheese will do it. I'll eat pounds of it from David's store, just to help things along!"

So that was why Beth walked around the square three times—past the drug store, the stationer's, the post office, the Brooklyn grocery (with eyes straight ahead!), the meat market, the blacksmith shop, the lumber yard, the cobbler's, the Gloria ice cream parlor, the Star Dry Goods company, then the drug store, the stationer's, the post office, the grocery, and so on; three times she hurried around with pink cheeks and rebellious eyes, and at last in a little flurry of desperation she mounted the steps and entered.

She was glad to find only one customer there—David was soberly measuring a pound of tea for old Mrs. Sackett.

"Land sakes, David," the old lady shrieked, "I didn't ask for five pounds!"



"Land Sakes, Davy!"

Take some out—you're cheating yourself!"

"It's all right, Mrs. Sackett," muttered David as he tied up the parcel. That's right, 70 cents, thank you, ma'am."

"I hope you ain't getting nervous, Davy," Mrs. Sackett said kindly. "You're hand shook like a leaf—"

"I'm all right, thank you," he said hurriedly. "You next, Beth," with great unconcern.

"A pound of cheese," said Beth, and before David could move to the back of the store the door opened and admitted several customers. "Never mind, I'll go around there and try it, first." She slipped around the end of the counter in her old familiar way and disappeared behind a tall glass case containing bread and cake. David looked after her wistfully, but she did not see the glance and he went soberly back to his customers.

Both heard the door open and close several times and then a period of silence. She stood before the great round cheese which she had uncovered and daintily nibbled a small slice. It was good cheese, and she cut another bit, trying to gain courage to go out there and say carelessly: "That's all right, David, I'll take a pound of it, please." But she dared not trust her voice—her heart was thumping in the most unaccountable way, and her faithless knees refused to support her valiantly.

"I'm going now!" she told herself defiantly, but before she had more than stirred, the door opened once more and a sharp, pert voice greeted David with friendly familiarity.

"Hello, Davy Prescott!"

"Hello, Gert," he answered pleasantly.

"I want some sugar," she went on. "Sorry, but your folks have had a lot of it lately. Gert—I've got to consider all of my customers and treat them fairly."

"Bother!" she laughed merrily. "I ask it as a personal favor, Davy."

"You know I would like to, but—"

There was a determined note in his voice that Beth liked.

"Only you won't do it," finished Gertrude. "Father said you were selling Daniel Browning ten pounds today."

"Your father didn't know," said David slowly. "Half of that was for Mrs. Jones. Mr. Browning was going to leave it at her house."

"Well, if you won't you won't," returned the girl good humoredly. "And, David! The next time you come to

see me don't bring a pound of candy; bring sugar instead!"

David laughed with her. Gertrude made some other purchase and lattered toward the door.

"Have you seen Beth lately?" she asked.

"Not so long ago," he answered without hesitation.

"Indeed! I saw her ten minutes ago—riding with Sign Trimmer."

"Triumph," ejaculated the storekeeper.

"Sam's got a new car—cunning little Boller—when are you going to get one, Davy?"

"When I get married," he answered jocularly. "Going to take a honeymoon trip across country."

"That will be sweet—" the door opened and the girl's impudent voice trailed back into the store. "Be sure and get a Boller, David!" Then the door finally closed.

For a little while silence prevailed in the store. Beth stood uncertainly by the great cheese. David hesitated behind the counter. Then, as often happens, they both started forward at once and almost collided, Beth's elbow striking the great glass cover of the cheese and sending it crashing to the floor.

"I am so sorry, Dave," she cried piteously.

"It's nothing," he assured her. "How much cheese do you want, Beth?"

"A pound, please," she quavered.

David's hand seemed very uncertain that day. Even Beth noticed that the cheese knife wavered a little, cutting a jagged slice that weighed more than a pound.

"That be all right?" he asked, his gray eyes on her charming face.

She nodded and he saw that tears were very near.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh—it's what—Gertrude—said about Sam Trimmer! It was such a fib—and the other things she said about my riding with him were just as untrue!"

David nodded. "I hope you'll forgive me, Beth!"

"I do, Davy."

"How about the wedding trip, dear—in the Boller car?" he whispered.

She laughed through her tears. "It will be wonderful—with you—and you will come to supper now? Mother will be so glad."

"I'll carry the cheese home for you, Beth. And putting on his hat and coat he locked up the store for the night. Folks said he was crazy to close the store at 4:30, and for once in his life David had lost his reason as well as his heart.

The Empty Stage.

The desire to go on living is the passion and sin of the old man and the scorn of the young. The young do not see death and the old see nothing else, or rather for the young it is a figure of the imagination and to the old a reality that conquers or would conquer the imagination. Indeed, when we are young, for us, whether men or women, there is fascination in the seethe Time holds in his hand. We gather round it and examine it and admire its tragic sharpness and its terrible swiftness; but old people, whimpering and trembling, stand round the hour-glass and are careful lest anything should agitate the glass and the hands that hold it. In youth we do not see death, the stage is too crowded. In old age all the actors have left—and they were only actors—and death remains sitting patient on his stool. (Further Letters of John Butler Yeats.)

Why Four Wives?

In the scripture four wives were allowed, and this practice was copied by the Moslems.

To the casual reader it may seem curious that the number should have been placed at four, but we find the following explanation by a Moslem student:

"Four wives are allowed by Moslem law and for this reason: If you marry one wife, she holds herself your equal, answers you and gives herself airs; two are always quarreling and making a hell of the house; three are 'no company' as two of them always combine against the nicest to make her hours bitter. Four are company; they can quarrel and 'make it up' amongst themselves, and the husband enjoys comparative peace."

Babies and Music.

At birth there is no sense of melody, no apparent consciousness of rhythm. The infant will, however, jump nervously and sometimes cry at loud sudden noises and will soon begin to smile or coo at soft, sweet sounds. It is very important, therefore, to shield babies from loud, sudden, discordant noises, and to surround them with melodious sounds that naturally please them. Indeed a nervous, fretful baby can often be soothed by soft music.

Music is as natural to the human being as speech. Do not let your child's musical instinct starve in his infancy. Float his babyhood in music; that his manhood may enjoy to the utmost this God-given heritage.—Exchange.

Easy Business Hours in Mexico.

The business hours in Mexico are from 9 to 12 o'clock and from 3 to 6 o'clock. Between 1 and 3 o'clock everyone sleeps or goes to the shops to be found open.

That Is, Some Men.

Before marriage a man has been known to declare himself unworthy of his sweetheart's love, and after marriage to spend about two-thirds of his time proving it.—Chicago News.

Efficiency's Reward.

Efficiency, like virtue, has to be its own reward and when a man does a big job well everybody says anybody could have done it.—Ohio State Journal.

Aren't People Queer?

Exchange.—"Mr. John Roberts has gone south following his recent illness." Foolish to follow it; he should be glad to get rid of it.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan.)

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

1857—Sept. 15, William Howard Taft born in Cincinnati.

1878—Graduated at Yale.

1887-90—Judge of the Superior Court.

1890-2—Solicitor General of the United States.

1892-1900—United States circuit judge.

1900-04—Commissioner in and governor of the Philippine.

1904-8—Secretary of war.

1909—Inaugurated twenty-sixth president, aged fifty-one.

WHEN Roosevelt and Taft rode up Pennsylvania avenue on March 4, 1909, it was the first time since Jackson and Van Buren had passed that way side by side, more than 70 years before, that a retiring president would not have preferred another seat mate and successor than the one whom the fortunes of politics had thrust upon him.

Roosevelt alone selected his successor.

Naturally, everyone assumed that we were to have a Roosevelt administration by another name, and it was expected in the campaign that the ex-president would not go farther away from the White House than Oyster Bay. Instead, he plunged into the depths of Africa.

The fate of William Howard Taft would be pathetic if he himself had not met it and borne it with a smile.

He was able, more upright, more independent than some far more successful presidents. But by bent and training he was a judge, and the



William Howard Taft.

White House is no place for a judge. As lawyer and governor of Mahan, Taft had won the confidence of his oriental subjects, and rather than desert his post, before his task was finished, he sacrificed the dearest ambition of his life. In a year and a half Roosevelt had him in his cabinet as secretary of war—and soon had him in his eye for the presidency.

Roosevelt had the weakness of his strength. He thought he was strong enough to make a president. But real presidents are born, not made.

The moment Roosevelt was gone, the standpatters, the reactionary forces, emerged from their seven and one-half years in the cyclone cellar. The moment the political broncho felt the tenderfoot on its back, it bucked, and threw Taft from the seat of leadership. The next thing the rank and file of Republicans knew, the party was slipping back into the old rut from which Roosevelt had jerked it when first he laid upon it his masterful hand.

But the people refused to go back. Eight months after Taft's inauguration, the election of 1909 sounded a clear warning of the disaster that overwhelmed the party in the congressional election of 1910, and which all but destroyed it in the presidential election of 1912.

According to a story that was told of Taft, a curious stranger asked a gatekeeper at the Union station in Washington where he would stand the best chance of seeing the president in the few spare hours that he had between trains. "Right where you are," was the reply. "He's always either taking a train or getting off of one."

Taft was the first president to draw the present salary of \$75,000. Congress had also adopted, two years before he came in, the custom of allowing \$25,000 yearly for the traveling expenses of the president, and he became the great presidential traveler, making a record of 150,000 miles in four years, as he went about the country appealing for a reversal of the verdict against his administration. In vain he strove to turn back the tide, which only spurred him on.

After having elected him by 1,200,000 plurality, the people parted with Taft more in sorrow than in anger. They did not question that he was a good president, but that is a secondary consideration. A president must be first of all a politician and a leader.

Thought He Had Treasure Trove.

Harry Lee, a negro laborer, helping to pull down an old residence in Baltimore, unearthed a metal box about a foot in diameter, apparently removed the rusty lid, and found inside a sack containing several old coins, dated in the early part of the eighteenth century, and two old flints.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan.)

PROFESSOR IN POLITICS

1856—December 28, Woodrow Wilson born at Staunton, Va.

1879—Graduated at Princeton.

1885—Married Ellen Louise Axson of Savannah, Ga.

1885-8—Associate professor at Bryn Mawr.

1888-90—Professor at Wesleyan university in Connecticut.

1890-1902—Professor at Princeton.

1902-10—President of Princeton.

1911-13—Governor of New Jersey.

1913—March 4, inaugurated twenty-seventh president, aged fifty-six.

NEITHER Woodrow Wilson nor

his administration has yet passed into history, whose judgment on them it would be folly to try to foretell. Nevertheless, much of the record of the presidency is made up and closed, and may be summarized at least, although it is perhaps foolishly to venture into the flames of passions that blind men alike to the merits and demerits of almost every president while he remains the central figure of partisan strife. "A statesman is a politician who is dead," said Thomas B. Reed.

In this age of ours, when men are going to school to learn business and farming and all manner of vocations, it was natural that there should appear in the White House a man like Woodrow Wilson, who had learned politics in the classroom rather than in the wardrobe. The eighth of our Virginia-born presidents—in reality he is not



Woodrow Wilson at 30.

a Virginian, but the son of an Ohio clergyman and of an English mother—was a student or teacher of the science, or rather the art of governing for 30 years before he held a political office.

That fact was left out of their reckoning by the Democratic bosses of corrupt, machine-ridden New Jersey when they summoned the president of Princeton university from the golf links one afternoon in the fall of 1910 to receive the nomination for governor. When this supposed novice in politics declared, as he floundered through what, as he had to own up, was his first political speech, that if elected governor he would govern, the politicians nudged one another and laughed in their sleeves at the idea of a professor trying to run their machine. They laughed out loud when they saw him actually sit down in the governor's chair and begin to play politics out of a book.

Of all things, it was a book which he himself had written in his youthful school days merely as a thesis for his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins. The young graduate-student made the discovery that our Constitution created a vacuum, which the bosses had rushed in to fill.

Alas, popular leadership is neither a science nor an art that can be taught out of a book.

Where other leaders of our democracy have appealed to the emotions, he is one of the least electric, least dramatic of our presidents, with no anecdotes to popularize him, with no legends of his youth or myths about his political career to vitalize him to the general imagination. He owes his various successes at the polls to the cold logic of the political situation and little to his popularity. His academic aloofness from politics, at a time when politicians had fallen into disfavor, made him the available man for governor in 1910. As a candidate for president, he ran a poor second to Champ Clark in the popular primaries of 1912. He was nominated at Baltimore only after 45 ballots, and then only as a result of Bryan's overthrow of the steam roller. And he was elected by the division of the Republicans between Roosevelt and Taft, though he received a smaller vote than the Democrats had polled in three past elections.

It is the tragedy of Woodrow Wilson's nature that when the elements were mixed in him, magnetism was denied him; that lodestone which draws the hearts of men. The head has been the powerhouse of his leadership.

A clean house, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, is a long step in the direction of health, says the United States public health service.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FILMS HELP TO FOREIGN TRADE

Motion Pictures, a Silent Partner of Uncle Sam in His Export Trade.

CREATES DEMAND FOR GOODS

Latin People Disposed to Pattern After What They See on Screen That Pleases Them—Aids Live Stock Introduction.

Washington.—Uncle Sam has as a silent partner in his export trade the motion pictures.

How the "movies" are developing trade and spreading confidence in American goods and American methods, and creating an Americanized atmosphere which should prove the strongest possible asset toward permanency of trade in South America, is told by Dr. Julius Klein, commercial attaché at the American embassy, Buenos Aires, who was formerly chief of the Latin American division, bureau of foreign and domestic commerce.

The Latin people, he points out, are disposed to pattern after what they see in the motion pictures that appeals to them. Thus the films have made them familiar with the appearance of American automobiles and of what they can do. The movies have created a demand for American-made office furniture by showing the fittings of a business magnate's office, which the South American merchants in their prosperity are eager to copy.

As regards ready-made clothing—the South Americans, particularly in Cuba, have gotten into the habit of ordering a suit of clothes like their favorite hero wore in a certain film. Thus the merchants have come to stock up with good lines of ready-made clothing, which are very popular. The movies have had a like effect on industrial development.

All this, Doctor Klein emphasizes, has happened naturally and has not been forced as trade propaganda.

Boon to U. S. Trade.

The more use that can be made of educational films introducing industries comparable with their own industries—such as agriculture, cattle-raising, mining—the more benefits to American commerce will result. Such films can and should carry a romantic scenario, such as appeals most strongly to the Latin temperament, with cut-ins on our methods in industries similar to theirs. As we show them a new and better method their confidence in us and the output of our industries grows cumulatively.

Germans and Italians particularly have been thus endeavoring to ingratiate themselves in South American countries, Doctor Klein says, and the influence of the Italians in the South American markets from an economic and commercial viewpoint must be reckoned with.

American manufacturers of farm machinery are now co-operating with the Philippine department of agriculture and natural resources, in an endeavor to arouse in the farmers of those islands a true appreciation of the possibilities by using such machinery. Motion pictures are being prepared to show the most approved methods of cultivation, preparation of seed, use of farm machinery, harvesting and storing crops, and methods of packing and handling where these processes are involved.

Aids Live Stock Introduction.

Introduction of American breeds of live stock and poultry into South America, particularly Argentina, is to be aided by the use of motion picture films, prepared for this purpose by the United States department of agriculture. These films also will show American methods of breeding live stock and handling it in its many phases from the farm to the home table. The Argentine government has shown special interest in the introduction of American methods of handling live stock, as it has indeed in the agricultural practices of the northern half of the continent generally.

As evidence of this, the Argentine embassy in Washington has already purchased ten films on these subjects for educational use in Argentina and has frequently had United States department bulletins translated into Spanish for home consumption.

The Buenos Aires & Pacific railway has also been a heavy purchaser of such films for use along its system. Its representative in this country was recently negotiating with the United States department of agriculture for films showing the swine industry in the United States, and in making arrangements for the introduction of American swine in Argentina.

It is planned to show important swine-breeding farms, the work in the big Chicago packing houses and the preparation of the product for the table. Pictures will be made of the various types of American hogs, and an effort will be made to give some idea of the vastness of the industry in this country.

Isolate Ripe Olive Bacillus.

San Francisco.—Isolation of the bacillus held responsible for the death of a number of persons who had eaten ripe olives and its identification as a product of the soil was announced at a meeting here both of olive growers, packers and distributors and a committee of medical experts.

Make Address Sure.

When wrapping magazines for the mail, the important thing is to make sure that the magazine and its wrapper will not part company. Lay a cord inside the magazine, and after sealing and addressing the wrapper, tie the cord once the long way and once around the middle of the roll.

The Scrap Book

MOMENTS.

If we could save our moments, store them deep in cellars of the mind to choose at will. Not as the dream that drowns into a sleep. But as the taste of wine, laid cool and still; Could groping fingers hold the grains of ore And set the scattered jewels in a crown; Comb out the beach of time and from the shore Net all the tangled treasure floating down.

Then living so with heaven at our hand We'd fly at death, like laden bees, to bear That heaven captive to the heaven there! Longer than any bronze these words could be, These, that are now as writing on the sand Beneath the wave of each incoming tide.—Herbert Asquith.

SHOWS TOLSTOI VERY HUMAN

Gorky's Reminiscences of the Grand Old Man of Russia Make Interesting Reading.

I must have scaled mountains of literature about Tolstoi, but never did I get such a vision of him as in Gorky's "Reminiscences," which I believe Mr. Lansbury brought over from Russia and of which Mr. Kotellansky and Mr. Wolff have made a precious translation, writes "Wayfarer," in the London Nation. They made an astonishing physical portraiture; and yet that is as nothing compared with the exhibition of Tolstoi's soul. I suppose some people will find it horrible to discover that Tolstoi was a man, not a god, and possessed of good stock of some primitive human (and Russian) characteristics. The book did not horrify me; it held me breathless, much as if I had been given a peep through some prehistoric glade of the gambling of a Colossus. Yet there is nothing new to students of Tolstoi. Sensitive himself, Gorky italicizes Tolstoi's extreme sensibility, showing him at one moment weeping at his reminiscence of how a drunken woman in Moscow looked, and at the next roaring with laughter at a broad story (he approved it apparently, because it fed his hatred of women), mercilessly probing at other people's souls (including poor Tchekhov's, whom he loved), and hiding away his own, only to give it away a little later. Gorky confesses himself swept off his feet, and possessed now by love and now by fear and hatred of the tremendous and implacable old hero.

STILL A DEMAND FOR HOPS

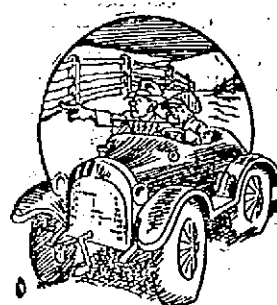
Despite Prohibition, the Production Is Heavy and Officials Cannot Account for It.

One of the most puzzling phenomenon of prohibition in the United States is a continuing demand for hops, which are the source of the "bitter" principle characteristic of beer developed by American brew masters, says a Washington dispatch to the New York World.

The production of hops now is as heavy as in 1917, a year before wartime prohibition became effective. The brewers which used the bulk of the crop have stopped beer making. Officials are unable to account for the preposterous strong demand.

In 1917, with breweries in operation, this country had 29,000 acres planted in hops and a production of 29,383,000 pounds. Exports amounted to 4,118,000 pounds. In 1918 production was 21,481,000 pounds. Last year, 1919, production was 20,845,000 pounds. It is estimated that about 20,000,000 pounds will be produced this year, showing a steady climb back toward the preprohibition use.

Unless exports jump greatly, in excess of last year's, which totaled 7,488,952 pounds, about three-fourths of the American crop will remain here.



PRECAUTION

1st Auto Jack (with stolen car): Let's stand the oil bus up by that tree till we come back fer it.

2nd Auto Jack: Naw, 'At's a bad place t' leave it, some bloke might steal it.

The Wonders of Nature.

Among the wonders of the back-yard garden which are coming to light with the approach of the canning season is a carrot belonging to Virgil E. Hemmendorfer, 737 Bosart avenue. This carrot is exactly like thousands of other carrots which will go to make the bright bits of color in boarding house soups this winter except that it wears a bone necklace. The carrot acquired this necklace when its sprouts shot through the center of a circular bit of bone about the size of a 60-cent piece. The carrot continued to grow through the bone and on up into daylight and notoriety.—Indianapolis News.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the

Signature of

Wm. D. Gifford

Charles M. Col., PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Theater.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

PARIS PLAID MAD

Fashion Land Seized With Fad for Black and White.

Color Combination Prevails in Skirts, Suits and Jackets—Laces in the Limelight.

After months of subdued colors and deepest mourning Paris has been suddenly seized with a fad for wearing plaids and plaids in black and white. Since a few dressmakers displayed some summer models with black-and-white designs in accordance with the novelty has been taken up along the boulevards, and after a popular run at the races continued in favor long after the usual time for such innovations had expired.

Plaids are coming out stronger and bolder. And black-and-white check skirts and suits are now included in the models. The fabric makers are showing platted braid, and dressmakers have accepted the patterns. The black-and-white craze has not left the male apparel untouched. Suits in black-and-white stripes and black-and-white checks are numerous in the show windows and on the streets. At the race-courses black or white jackets with black-and-white striped or checkered skirts predominate.

Other combinations are in white chiffon trimmed with black embroidery or black net embroidered in big white flowers, and likewise there's any amount of black lace worn over white satin. A popular model is a white silk



Sport outfit with black-and-white wool skirt with popular checks and plaid plaids; topped with black sweater and white striped scarf.

Jersey with black lace inserts, relieved with white motifs. Coarse linens will be worn, although quite expensive. Another dainty innovation is the revival of the figured parasols and organdie dresses. Printed dresses, with batik flowers, will afford cheerful combinations in color with the graceful parasol.

ARTICLES MADE OF RIBBONS

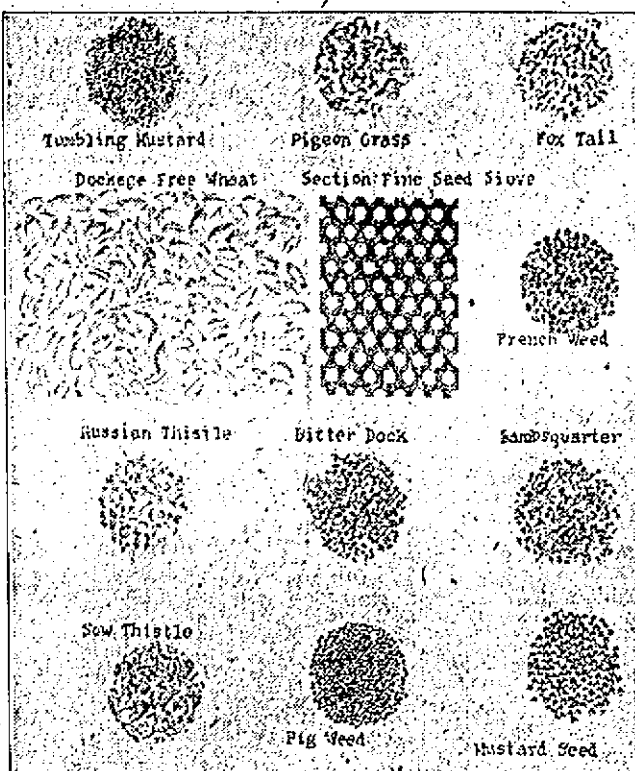
Handbags and Purses Afford Interesting and Popular Form of Home Needlework.

Various articles made of ribbons are extremely effective and all have some definite and practical use. Women have taken to making their handbags and purses of them—a popular form of home needlework. Frames of various shapes and sizes may be purchased in the shops and the ribbon selected to bring out any color that one wishes in the costume. This offers a great advantage, giving as it does a chance to be entirely individual in this article of dress. In a handbag fashioned from ribbons one may be just as decorative or conservative as one wishes.

Perhaps the easiest type of ribbon bag to make is the long, narrow one, somewhat on the order of the miser bag. For this take two lengths of ribbon as wide as you wish your bag to be and stitch them together at either side. Then gather them at the top and join them to one of the bone bracelets, which may be purchased in any Oriental shop. The bag may be embroidered or finished across the bottom with a beautiful fringe.

A bag that is simple of construction, yet rather important in appearance, has a pouch-shaped foundation of metal brocade ribbon, over which is placed a flounce of plain ribbon to half the depth of the bag. The edge of the flounce is cut in the form of points like the manner of the fashionable petal frill.

DOCKAGE PLAN OF FEDERAL GRADES



Weed Seeds Found in Wheat May Seriously Affect Its Value.

The percentage of dockage is an essential factor in arriving at the true value of a lot of wheat. This dockage may consist of either useful or harmful foreign materials.

The various methods of handling dockage should be carefully investigated and the one that is best suited to the needs of the local conditions should be adopted.

When a large percentage of dockage is present in wheat it is advisable to remove it on the farm or at the point of shipment and thus avoid paying the freight for the dirt, chaff, weed seeds, etc., on the basis of the rate for wheat.

The farmer should get a higher numerical grade for his wheat under the dockage system of the federal grades than he would under a system of grading that does not require a determination for dockage but lowers the grade on account of the total foreign material present in the wheat marketed at country points.

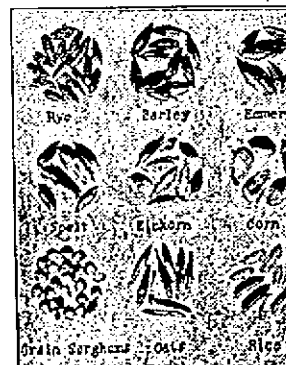
The dockage system in operation protects the farmer from the possibility of low prices fixed by the local buyer in order to insure a safe purchase on a flat-rate basis.

Write the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture, Washington, for a bulletin discussing "Dockage Under the Federal Wheat Grades." It will be sent free on request.

In grading wheat under the federal standards one of the fundamental principles is to determine the numerical grade on a dockage-free basis; that is, the dockage is first removed from the sample and the grade determination is made on the clean or dockage-free wheat. A few exceptions to this principle are noted in the following pages.

What is dockage? It is the foreign material screened from a sample of wheat to be graded, by the use of appropriate hand sieves or other cleaning devices, such as those approved by the United States department of agriculture. It consists of sand, dirt, weed seeds, weed stems, chaff, straw, grain other than wheat, any other foreign material, and in certain cases some finely broken and small shriveled kernels of wheat.

The purpose of the dockage provision in the wheat standards is to enable the person grading the representative sample to determine the approximate



Cereal Grain Seeds.

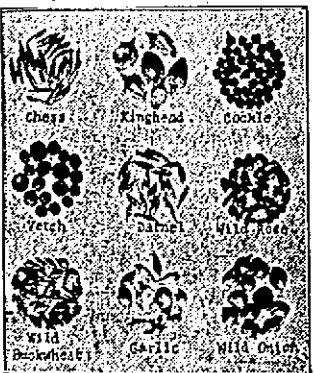
mate amount of easily separated foreign material that is in the lot of wheat. Dockage is therefore approximately the percentage of foreign material which can be readily removed from the lot of wheat by the ordinary commercial types of cleaning machinery commonly found in grain elevators and mills.

The dockage test is made ordinarily by weighing about 1,000 grams of wheat (about two and one-quarter pounds), which should constitute a representative sample. Grams are used instead of other units for ease in determining percentages.

Modern Girl.

A Clay Center physician sent the office girl out to do collecting, according to the Dispatch. She was back in less than an hour with a ring, a marriage certificate, a man, and \$1, all of which she had collected.—Kansas City Star.

The dockage is separated from this 1,000-gram sample by screening with the proper hand sieves or by using an approved cleaning device such as is described under the heading "Detailed Description of the Method of Determining Dockage." The dockage so separated is weighed and the percentage is found, based on the total weight of the sample including the dockage. If the amount of dockage is below 1 per cent it is disregarded. For example, if only one-half of 1 per cent foreign material is so separated no dockage is assessed. This one-half of 1 per cent, however, would not



Various Weed Seeds.

be returned to the sample used in determining the grade. If 1 1/2 per cent of dockage is separated, 1 per cent of dockage would be indicated in assigning the grade.

After the dockage is removed the clean sample is used in determining the grade, save for a few exceptions. Dockage does not affect the grade assigned to the wheat. If 1 per cent or more of separable foreign material is found, dockage is assessed. In inspection certificates it is indicated immediately after the statement of the grade designation, as "No. 1 northern spring, dockage 1 per cent," "No. 1 northern spring, dockage 2 per cent," "No. 2 red winter, dockage 1 per cent," etc.

Foreign Material in Wheat.

The foreign material usually found in wheat may become mixed with the wheat while growing, or with the grain at the time of threshing, or in the elevator or other place of storage during the various processes of handling or marketing. The presence of foreign material in wheat at the time of threshing may be the result of impure seed, or of certain weather conditions which are unfavorable to the growth of wheat plants but favorable to the growth of weeds. If the seed is carefully selected, cleaned, tested and treated before planting, if care is exercised in the cultivation and crop rotation, and if the wheat is carefully threshed and cleaned at the time of threshing, there should be ordinarily very little foreign material present when the crop is marketed. The foreign material in wheat may seriously affect its value in that it often increases the cost of milling and causes injury to the baking qualities of flour. Therefore, that factor is considered in the inspecting and grading of wheat. The amount of dockage present has a bearing upon the commercial value of a lot of wheat. Especially when present in large amounts, it is a factor of considerable importance to the parties interested in the marketing or storage of grain.

There are two terms in the federal wheat standards which apply to foreign material—"dockage" and "foreign material other than dockage." "Dockage" is the foreign material that is separated from the sample of wheat by the correct use of appropriate hand sieves. "Foreign material other than dockage" is the foreign material that is not separated in the screening and remains in the dockage-free sample. "Dockage" does not affect the grade, but sometimes does affect the weight of the wheat to be sold. "Foreign material other than dockage" is a factor in the grading, and definite percentages are permitted within each numerical grade.

The Way of a Man.

If a man's car is on time every day for a month he accepts the service with a grunt. If it is late ten minutes one day he throws a complaint fit of dissatisfaction and wants to overturn something that is right side up.—Toledo Blade.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE LAST OF THE BARONS

By EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

Condensation by Prof. William Foulke Harris



Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, was brilliantly versatile. As a statesman, he was far-sighted and statesmanlike; as a dramatist, in "The Lady of Lyons," "The Two Roses," and "Money," he struck and held the popular taste; as a novelist, he produced some of the most widely varying types of novel and political essays, he was less notable.

During the early years of his marriage, Bulwer was needed to increase his income by the need of making money. Although his wealthy mother's purse was open to him, her disapproval of his marriage and his work was so irritatingly expressed that he finally had to refuse her assistance. The consequent driving necessity accounted for his facility and his quick sense of what the public was going to like next.

By means of sprinkling epigrams in his fashionable novel, "Pelham," he early achieved a reputation as a man of the world. He then occupied himself with the crime novel and the romance of mystery. The editor of "The Saturday Review" wrote of him: "Lytton drove him away from the field of burglary and homicide, and he delved into history for subjects. This produced 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'Hittite,' and 'The Last of the Barons.' In 'The Caxtons' he founded the 'true cult of the colonizer.' This and two more of his best works responded to the popular demand for domestic novels. Tales of terror next attracted the public and Bulwer created a sensation by 'The Strange Story,' which came to him in a dream, and 'The Hound and the Haunter,' one of the most perfect short stories in English literature."

Finally, he wrote novels and satires of society. His very versatility prevented his digging deeply into reality.

LISTEN to an English nobleman paint a picture of the rise in his country of that trading bourgeoisie which is so much in the talk of today. The leaders in the struggle, Edward the Fourth, trader-king, and Richard Neville, earl of Warwick, king-maker and "Last of the Barons." Around them cluster the lives of many others in the great struggle. The scene is set for the Battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, in the Wars of the Roses.

"Raw, cold and dismal dawned the morning of the fourteenth of April, the Easter Sabbath. In the fortunes of that day were involved those of all the persons who hitherto, in the course of this narrative, may have seemed to move in separate orbits from the fiery star of Warwick. Now, in this crowning hour, the vast and gigantic destiny of the great earl comprehended all upon which his darkness or his light had fallen; not only the luxurious Edward, the perjured Clarence, the haughty Margaret, her gallant son, the gentle Anne, the remorseful Isabel, the dark gulf of Gloucester, the rising fortunes of gifted Hastings—but on the hazard of that day rested the hopes of Hillyard, and the interests of the trader Alwyn, and the permanence of that frank, chivalric, hardy, still half-Norman race, of which Nicholas Alwyn and his Saxon class were the rival antagonistic principle, and Margaret Neville the ordinary type. Dragg'd inexorably into the whirlpool of that mighty fate were even the very lives of the simple scholar, Adam Warner, of his obscure and devoted child, Sibyll. Here, into this gory ocean, all scattered rivulets and streams had hastened to merge at last.

"But grander and more awful than all individual interests were those assigned to the fortunes of this battle, so memorable in the English annals—the ruin or triumph of a dynasty; the fall of that warlike burgeoisie, of which Richard Neville was the personification, the crowning flower, the greatest representative and the last—associated with memories of turbulence and excess, it is true, but with the proudest and grandest achievements in our early history; with all such liberty as had been yet achieved since the Norman conquest; with all such glory as had made the island famous—here with Runnymede, and there with Cressy; the rise of a crafty, plotting, impetuous despotism, based upon the growing sympathy of craftsmen and traders, and ripening on the one hand to the Tudor tyranny, the republican reaction under the Stuarts, the slavery and the Civil war, but on the other hand to the concentration of all the vigor and life of genius into a single and strong government, the graces, the arts, the letters of a polished court, the freedom, the energy, the resources of a commercial population destined to rise above the tyranny at which it had first cowered, and give to the emancipated Saxons the markets of the world. Upon the victory of that day those contending interests, this vast alternative in the future, swayed and trembled."

Despite the stilted language of another day and the portly size of the volume, "The Last of the Barons" is read today because the characters who play so large a part in one of the great human struggles toward liberty are all human beings and not mere puppets. The story is one of intrigue and of battle, centering nominally in the Wars of the Roses and the struggles of the two great houses of York and Lancaster; yet the interest is far larger than a mere dynastic one; the rise of the middle class to power at

the expense of the baronial, the growth of a national spirit in place of mere individual loyalty to a feudal chieftain, is the important thing in this manifestation of class-consciousness, the plain people uniting with the trading townsmen against the nobles.

The great earl, who had made Edward the Fourth king, found himself for very personal reasons trying to unsseat that prince and to put in his place another Edward, of the house of Lancaster, heir to Henry the Sixth, whom Edward of York was holding a prisoner in the Tower. Yet Warwick's path was not an easy one; while his younger daughter was married to Edward of Lancaster, his other daughter, Isabel, was the wife of the king's younger brother Clarence, who was as yet the male heir to the throne. However things might go, a Warwick might some day sit upon the throne of England—if one did not take thought of the possibilities that lay hidden behind the inscrutable smile of the king's youngest brother, Richard, duke of Gloucester. But Warwick was at heart fighting the battle of aristocracy, while the king was with the current which was converting an agricultural into a trading population. With Warwick was his powerful fighting brother, Montagu; with him—or against him, who could tell?—was his other brother, the fleet archbishop who aspired to be a pope, whose mansion was at once a school for youth, a court for middle life, an asylum for age, whither as to a medical fief, the letters and the arts.

In the end, Warwick found himself in open battle against the king he had placed upon the throne. The impetuous and fiery temperament of Edward the Fourth was rendered yet more fearful by the indulgence of every intemperance. His very virtues strengthened his vices; his courage stiffened every whimper. It almost seemed as if he loved to provoke a danger for the pleasure it gave his brain to baffle or his hand to crush it. And yet he had a shrewd policy which perhaps drew him knowingly into the quarrel with Warwick, which merely his evil passions seemed to provoke. "I wish to raise a fresh nobility," he said, "to counteract the pride of the old; only upon new nobles can a new dynasty rely." This was the Yorkist principle of humbling the baronial and raising the middle class. It was easy of execution at a period when a martial aristocracy was beginning to merge into a voluptuous court.

Warwick was defending freedom for the barons. Robin Hillyard was struggling to win freedom for the people against king and nobles. Yet the earl and Robin found themselves fighting in the same army. "Neither white rose nor red shall be on my banner," cried Hillyard, "but our standard shall be the grey head of the first oppressor we can place upon a pole. We are taxed, ground, pillaged, plundered—sheep, maintained to be sheared for your peace or butchered for your war." Through the cause of the gentle Henry in the Tower Robin saw greater freedom for the people.

War is not the only theme of the book, however. The intrigues of the queen's family, the patient diplomacy of the blither and revengeful Margaret of Anjou, queen of the king in the Tower, the love of the gentle Anne Neville for Margaret's son Edward, the influence of royal marriages on the fate of nations, the struggles of the Lollards, predecessors of the Puritans who caused Charles the First so much trouble; the fine Italian hand of Richard, duke of Gloucester; the long and patient toll of Adam Warner, scholar who dreamed of harnessing steam to his machine Eureka to do the work of the world long before the world was ready to have its work done by any such magical means; the chicanery of Friar Bungay, adept in all the secret arts of the time, who thought to steal poor Adam's secret from him; but above all else the troubled tale of love of the beautiful daughter of the scholar, Sibyll, and the great and powerful Lord Hastings, with fate ever playing cruel turns against the girl as well as against the father—all these are part of this fascinating historical romance which author and public united in calling one of the best that came from the prolific pen of Bulwer Lytton.

Warwick lost and Edward won. And with the earl perished Hillyard, but as he bravely met his death Robin cried: "The People are never beaten!" Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post).

Iron Furnace to India.

Pioneers of the iron industry throughout the country may recall the stack erected several years ago at Battelle, Ala., which was abandoned because it was too far from raw materials and had inadequate transportation facilities, says a Christian Science Monitor's Birmingham (Ala.) correspondent.

For 11 years the furnace stood inactive until the war brought the demand in Mesopotamia for railroads to move troops and supplies. In August, 1917, the old stack at Battelle was bought by a group of iron makers, who took it down piece by piece, shipped it to New Orleans and loaded it on a steamship for India. This is said to be the first iron furnace to cross the sea and make iron on two continents.

Autumn's Hats Are Gay.

Feminine New York says that autumn hats must cover the eyebrows, and that the brim must not be even. These hats will be properly covered with fruits, and no somber colored hats will be seen. Leading colors are copper, royal and Algerian blue, mahogany, cerise, jade green, chow brown and canary yellow. Gaudy embroideries in soutache, wool, tinsel, metallic threads and celluloid or wooden beads carry out the Eastern effect.

Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GOWN OF NAVY BLUE SATIN



Navy blue satin with attractive side ruffles and a colorful flower at the belt makes this an attractive fall frock.

FABRICS NAMED FOR CITIES

Origin of Names of Many Popular Materials Traced to Various Foreign Towns and Villages.

The origin of the names of popular fabrics is even more interesting than the tracing to their original roots of ordinary words, says a writer in the New York Evening Mail.

About the year 1329 the woolen trade of England became located at Worsted, about fifteen miles from Norwich, and it was at this place that the manufacture of the twisted double thread woolen, afterward called worsted, was first made, if not invented.

Linsay-woolsey was first made at Linsay, and was for a long time a very popular fabric.

Kerseymere takes its name from the village of Kersey, and the mere close by it, in the county of Suffolk.

We have to thank Gaza, in Palestine, the gates of which Samson carried away, for gaze or gauze. Gaza means "treasure." Voltaire, wishing to describe some intellectual but dressy woman, said: "She is an eagle in a cage of gauze."

Muslin owes its name to Mossoul, a fortified town in Turkey in Asia.

Tulle obtains its name from that of a city in the south of France. Travelers by rail in Brittany often glide past Guingamp without remembering that it was here that was first produced that useful fabric, gingham.

Damask derives its name from the city of Damascus; calico from Calicut, a town in India formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, where also calico was printed; cambric from Cambrai, a town in Flanders, where it was first made; and tweed from a fabric worn by fishermen upon the River Tweed.

SIMPLE FROCKS FOR KIDDIES

Children of Different Types Require Styles That Suit, but Not Fancy Clothes.

Simple frocks and plenty of them is the best possible guide to the mother who would have her small daughters well dressed. Children's styles change very little from season to season, and the youngster who is clean and well groomed is always attractive looking. Elaborately trimmed dresses are never in good taste for children. Another point that should be considered when planning clothes for members of the younger generation is the matter of type. There are plain tailored children and fluffy-ruffles children, just as there are different types of grown-ups, and certainly the blue-eyed cherub with golden curls and the dark-eyed youngsters with straight, dark hair, hopped just below the ears, do not require the same styles in clothes. For warm weather organdie has had a great vogue this season, sharing honors with dotted Swiss. Volles have rather gone a-begging, although some dainty little volles frocks have been brought out. Volle does not generally launder quite as attractively as organdie, which probably accounts for the leaning to the latter fabric.

For next season, in cotton fabric frocks, plain colors will predominate, as at present. Where checks are used they will generally be rather small. The striking Scotch plaid gingham have not been very popular for several seasons with designers of very high class frocks for children.

Keep the Kitchen Clean.

The kitchen is the most important room in the house from a health standpoint, says the United States public health service. Keep everything about it and everyone in it scrupulously clean.

Hip Length Capes.

The charm of other days is faithfully mirrored today in hip-length and shoulder capes composed of tiers of lace—preferably chamois.

The Goddess Vesta.

Vesta was the goddess of the home and fire, and her temple was the oldest in Rome. It contained no image of the goddess, but had a fire which was rekindled by friction of the Roman New Year and attended constantly by the vestal virgins.

Comment of the Week

Local Campaign Is Now Started The stage is now all set for the local campaign, the state conventions of both parties having been held during the week, the platform of principles adopted and the candidates nominated for the various offices.

The Republicans, no doubt, will be the successful contestants at the polls on November 2. The list of nominees contains not one name of a person who has ever been returned a loser at any previous election. The confidence of the people have been justified by the successful progressive records of their respective administrations, and there is no element of uncertainty as to what might be expected of them. Four of them — Messrs. San Souci, Parker, Rice and Jennings — have already served the State in various capacities, and no one at any time has ever been heard to say other than the highest words of praise for them, both as officials and as citizens. The other gentlemen on the Republican ticket have held political offices, and their administration of these posts have been such as to highly recommend them as the first choice of the electorate.

The proud record made by the General Assembly during the past two years is one that is sure to commend itself to the thinking voter. Economy where it would not impair efficiency has been practiced religiously. The improvement in the conservation of the State's finances has been continued. The credit of Rhode Island in a monetary way is much better than ever before, and an evidence of this is attested by the high premiums paid for the bonds issued for the soldiers' bonus.

All the constructive measures passed by the General Assembly have had their inception from Republican sources. The past two years have seen several important laws enacted that have already proven of immense benefit to the citizens of the State.

The government of Rhode Island has been entrusted to Republican hands for many years past, and the successful discharge of these obligations always is but an indication of what can be expected of them in the future.

It is now only a question of how many votes the ticket that is headed by Mr. San Souci will win by. It has been conceded by those of the opposition party that the plurality should be enormous, one prophet estimating it to be at least 15,000.

Party harmony plus past successful administrations and the confidence of the people all combine in favor of the great Republican party.

Weak Candidates Have No Chance The Democratic party held their convention on Tuesday, and to say that it was a typical Democratic convention is sufficient. Edward

M. Sullivan of Cranston was nominated as its standard bearer. Mr. Sullivan was twice a candidate for Attorney General. In 1906 he lost by 4763 votes, while James H. Higgins, Democrat, was elected Governor by 1318. The following year Mr. Higgins won by 2295 votes, while Mr. Sullivan lost by 4921.

Mr. Sullivan later ran for various offices in Cranston for three years without success, and during the years 1910-11-12, when a bitter wrangle split the Republican party, he was elected Mayor of that city. Every year since he has been a candidate for Mayor he has been defeated each time. Taken in its entirety his political record has not been productive of much success, and he is probably as weak a candidate who has headed the Democratic party in recent years.

The rest of the ticket is much of the same calibre, and were it not necessary to go through the form, it would have saved much labor and humiliation if no ticket had been nominated.

Cox Has Not Support of Prominent Democrats With election day only about three weeks away, prominent administration Democrats who had promised

to help Governor Cox in his campaign have as yet not stirred themselves in his behalf. William Jennings Bryan, Champ Clark and others who have always helped the candidates of their party are apparently proceeding on the theory that "silence is golden."

Governor Cox is so irresponsible in his speeches that none of his supporters are certain as to what he is able to do next. His wild charges about corruption funds have made some of his cohorts chary lest they affect the things near home. The saintly Charlie Murphy, the pious Mr. Brennan and the unsullied Tom Taggart must certainly deplore his statements regarding "boodle" funds and the buying up of voters, and we can picture to ourselves this group of purists holding up their hands in holy horror at the thoughts of the contamination that would be produced by contact with a healthy campaign fund.

As the time nears for the verdict of the people at the polls on their choice for President, it must indeed be galling to those of the office-holders who feel constrained to vote on strict party lines for so weak a candidate as "Jimmy" Cox. His unfitness for so high an office has been emphasized by his every utterance since his nomination, and his abilities are such as would commend him only to the little ward leader.

Straw votes taken in various parts of the country under varying conditions testify to the unpopularity in which he is held. Demagoguery and its attendant evils have no place in a presidential election.

Pursuing the even tenor of his way, Warren G. Harding is daily gathering thousands of new voters to his standard. His antipathy to the Wilsonized League of Nations is held in common by the vast majority of Americans. His wonderful record in Congress stamps him as one who is familiar with the problems of the country and shows him to be possessed of the ability to grapple with them in a statesmanlike way. His elevation to the Presidency would soon restore things to a normality. It is a reflection on this country to know that after the actual cessation of war two years have passed and the nation is still in the grip of higher prices and unsettled conditions. It is with great expectations that the people of America will look to Senator Harding to solve these problems.

Governor Coolidge has been met with great receptions wherever he has gone, and with his services to supplement those of Mr. Harding, no fear is felt of the ultimate return to pre-war conditions.

Carlsbad Always in Danger. Carlsbad, the famous health resort, is built on a crust, underneath which is a subterranean lake of boiling water, and all the hot sulphur springs have to be ceaselessly watched and the pressure kept down lest the town be destroyed.

High-Sounding Titles. Chinese emperors are never mentioned by name from the moment of their accession, and are generally addressed by some such title as "Lord of a Myriad Years" or "The Son of Heaven."

BASEBALL HEROES

Baseball players have been idolized by the multitudes who love the game, and many people find it hard to realize that any of them prove unworthy. The good ball player is adored by a circle of worshippers. To the small boy he is a demigod, and is watched with awe and reverence as he swings along the pavement.

A commonplace appearing fellow in ordinary clothes becomes a great public character when wearing the uniform. The leading men of the community are proud of his friendship.

These players get more flattery than is good for them. Many of them become stuck on their abilities, and let up on training and soon disappear from the professional diamond. The fellow who makes a successful professional over a period of years needs a lot of common sense, and usually has it.

Many people have felt, whatever corruption might exist in American life, that baseball was one thing that was kept honest. The scandal now agitating baseball circles has made some people feel they have cherished illusions. Evidently the gambling fraternity, who usually consider that every man has his price, have felt that a sufficient consideration would tempt a good many of these fellows to show the yellow streak. But it is easy to exaggerate such manifestations. One crooked player could throw discredit on a hundred that are straight.

Unless suspicion of crookedness is removed, attendance on professional ball games will witness a slump. The public will not pay its money to see contests that are set up in advance. The managements understand this perfectly, and have given evidence of determination to clean out the purchasable element.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Ernest C. Bullard, of Long Beach, California, to the Savings Bank of Newport, dated August 18th, A. D. 1915, and recorded in Volume 20, at pages 31, etc., of the Land Evidence of the Town of Jamestown in the State of Rhode Island, with said mortgage and the note and claim thereon secured, were afterwards transferred, assigned and set over to Sylvester Ferraris, of the City and County of Newport in the said State of Rhode Island, branch of the conditions of said mortgage having been made and still existing the undersigned will sell at public auction as a whole, in front of the first parcel of land hereinafter described on MONDAY, THE 11th DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1920, AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON, all the right, title and interest which said Ernest C. Bullard had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey, in and to those two certain lots or parcels of land with the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said Town of Jamestown and bounded and described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL. Bounded Northerly, on Lot No. 17, on hereinafter mentioned plat, one hundred and ten (110) feet; Easterly, on lot numbered 13 on said plat, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on lot numbered 19 on said plat, one hundred and ten (110) feet; and Westerly, on Grinnell Street, one hundred (100) feet, containing eleven thousand square feet of land, and being lot numbered thirteen on a plat of the George W. Carr estate.

SECOND PARCEL. Bounded Northerly, on land now or formerly of Thomas C. Watson, one hundred and ten (110) feet; Easterly, on Coronado Street, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on land now or formerly of Stephen G. Carr, one hundred and ten (110) feet; and Westerly, on other land now or formerly of Thomas C. Watson, one hundred (100) feet, containing eleven thousand square feet of land, and being lot numbered thirteen on a plat of the George W. Carr estate.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Signs of Consumption. What are the early symptoms? The patient may have neither cough nor expectoration. He feels tired in the afternoon, and wakes tired in the morning. His appetite is poor, and he begins to lose weight or to stop growing. He is easily exhausted after exercise. Anyone who notices these symptoms in himself should consult a doctor. In any family, rich or poor, in which one member is known to have consumption, all the others should be examined by specialists.

"Mapping" the Air. The greatest discovery yet made in exploring the air is that the atmosphere consists of two layers, the lower extending from sea level up to 10,000 meters, in which there is a steady fall of temperature with elevation. This is called the troposphere. Above this there is no fall, and up to 20,000 meters a slight rise. The upper layer is known as the stratosphere. It is actually possible today for an airplane to rise from the ground to the bottom of the stratosphere, say about six miles, in one hour. If we want to explore somewhat higher, say 20 miles, we install light instruments on a sounding balloon.

Queer Little Isle. The smallest dependency of France is the Ile d'Alcide, situated at the east of Belin Isle. Its population is 278. They do not speak French, but Celtic. They are provided with food at an inn managed by the women. The town has no streets.

THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND
REPORT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, SEPTEMBER 8, 1920

RESOURCES.		
Loans and Discounts		\$518,349.69
Overdrafts, unsecured, \$788.63		788.68
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation	100,000.00	
U. S. Bonds pledged as collateral for State or other deposits or bills payable	100,000.00	
Owned and unpledged	3,129.93	
Total U. S. Government securities		203,129.93
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned and unpledged	160,265.00	
Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.		160,265.00
Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock		300.00
Federal Reserve Bank stock		4,950.00
Value of banking house	22,615.00	
Equity in banking house		22,615.00
Furniture and fixtures		1.00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		62,505.25
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks		198,210.40
Exchanges for clearing house		13,215.74
Checks on other banks		14,162.09
Total	228,888.23	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer		5,000.00
Interest earned but not collected		3,819.05
Other assets, if any		9,500.14
TOTAL		\$1,207,112.17
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00
Surplus fund		65,000.00
Undivided Profits	21,624.46	
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	9,719.25	11,845.22
Interest and discount collected or credited in advance, not earned		2,283.86
Circulating notes outstanding		98,200.00
Amount due to Federal Reserve Bank, including deferred credits		14,161.33
Net amounts due to national banks		11,689.63
Net amounts due to banks, bankers, and trust companies		49,338.24
Certified checks outstanding		2,053.40
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding		2,160.68
Total	79,403.78	
Individual deposits subject to check		733,500.46
Certificates of deposit		29,478.80
Total of demand deposits	762,979.32	
Bills payable with Federal Reserve Bank		87,400.00
TOTAL		\$1,207,112.17

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, COUNTY OF NEWPORT, ss:
I, GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of September, 1920.
PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., 1920.

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Ernest C. Bullard, of Long Beach, California, to the Savings Bank of Newport, dated August 18th, A. D. 1915, and recorded in Volume 20, at pages 31, etc., of the Land Evidence of the Town of Jamestown in the State of Rhode Island, with said mortgage and the note and claim thereon secured, were afterwards transferred, assigned and set over to Sylvester Ferraris, of the City and County of Newport in the said State of Rhode Island, branch of the conditions of said mortgage having been made and still existing the undersigned will sell at public auction as a whole, in front of the first parcel of land hereinafter described on MONDAY, THE 11th DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1920, AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON, all the right, title and interest which said Ernest C. Bullard had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey, in and to those two certain lots or parcels of land with the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said Town of Jamestown and bounded and described as follows:

FIRST PARCEL. Bounded Northerly, on Lot No. 17, on hereinafter mentioned plat, one hundred and ten (110) feet; Easterly, on lot numbered 13 on said plat, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on lot numbered 19 on said plat, one hundred and ten (110) feet; and Westerly, on Grinnell Street, one hundred (100) feet, containing eleven thousand square feet of land, and being lot numbered thirteen on a plat of the George W. Carr estate.

SECOND PARCEL. Bounded Northerly, on land now or formerly of Thomas C. Watson, one hundred and ten (110) feet; Easterly, on Coronado Street, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on land now or formerly of Stephen G. Carr, one hundred and ten (110) feet; and Westerly, on other land now or formerly of Thomas C. Watson, one hundred (100) feet, containing eleven thousand square feet of land, and being lot numbered thirteen on a plat of the George W. Carr estate.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

Said premises being all that were granted by said mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof. And the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

SILVESTER FERRARIS, Assignee of said Mortgage. MORTIMER A. SULLIVAN, Attorney.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?

USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE
NEWPORT DAILY NEWS
EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this and they GET RESULTS
CIRCULATION OVER 6400 DAILY
TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR WANTS—BILL WILL BE SENT
PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS
For Sale To Let Help Wanted Situations General Lost and Found

SHORT LINE TO PROVIDENCE

NOW OPEN VIA

Newport & Providence

Railway

Mackenzie & Winslow

[INCORPORATED]

Dealers in:

HAY, STRAW,

GRAIN

POULTRY SUPPLIES

SALT

Agent for H. C. Anthony's

GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS

Store: 162 BROADWAY Phone 181

Elevator: MARSH ST. Phone 203

Jamestown Agency

ALTON P. COGOESHALL

Narragansett Ave Phone 20208

THE

Newport Gas Light Co

NO

COKE for Sale

AT PRESENT

To NEW YORK

FALL RIVER LINE

Leave Long Wh. daily

Eastern Standard Time 8:45 p. m.

Daylight Saving Time 9:45 p. m.

Ticket Office on the Wharf

The New England Steamship Co.

Telephone 732

SHORT LINE TO PROVIDENCE

NOW OPEN VIA

Newport & Providence

Railway

Mackenzie & Winslow

[INCORPORATED]

Dealers in:

HAY, STRAW,

GRAIN

POULTRY SUPPLIES

SALT

Agent for H. C. Anthony's

GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS

Store: 162 BROADWAY Phone 181

Elevator: MARSH ST. Phone 203

Jamestown Agency

ALTON P. COGOESHALL

Narragansett Ave Phone 20208

THE

Newport Gas Light Co

NO

COKE for Sale

AT PRESENT

To NEW YORK

FALL RIVER LINE

Leave Long Wh. daily

Eastern Standard Time 8:45 p. m.

Daylight Saving Time 9:45 p. m.

Ticket Office on the Wharf

The New England Steamship Co.

Telephone 732

Fall Shoes

Oxfords and boots in suitable weight for fall wear

New styles and lasts for men and women

School shoes for boys and girls of all ages

Careful, correct fitting assured

The T. Mumford Seabury Co

214 Thames Street. Tel. 787